AMERICA OF YESTERDAY

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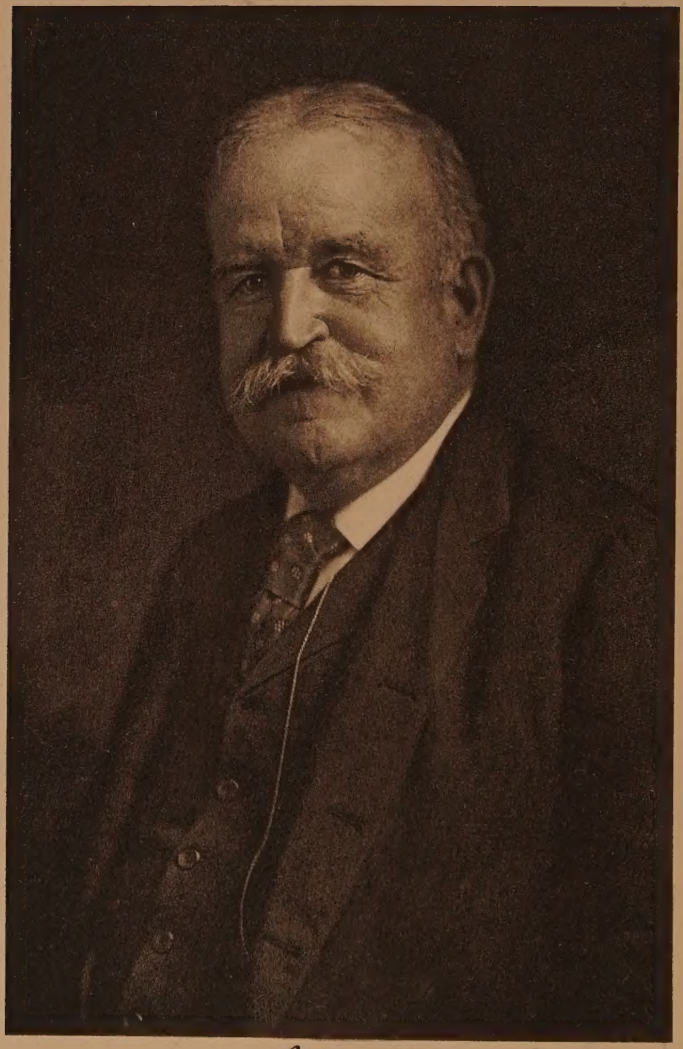
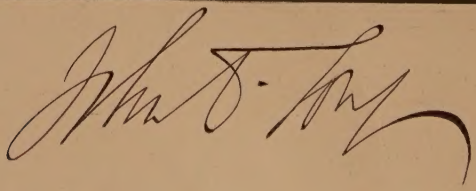
THE DIARY OF JOHN D. LONG

AMERICA OF YESTERDAY





AMERICA OF YESTERDAY

AS REFLECTED IN THE JOURNAL

OF

JOHN DAVIS LONG

Governor of Massachusetts
Secretary of the Navy

EDITED BY

LAWRENCE SHAW MAYO

With Illustrations

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY PRESS
BOSTON

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To the Memory of

ZADOC LONG

Who Wrote these Lines in his Son's Boyhood Journal:

FATHER IN HEAVEN, BLESS HIM: GRANT HIM LIFE AND HEALTH AND GUIDANCE BY THY SPIRIT: DO FOR HIM, I BESEECH THEE, INFINITELY MORE THAN AN EARTHLY FATHER CAN DO. SAVE HIM FROM THE PERNICIOUS EFFECTS OF ANY EXAMPLE WHICH THOU DOST NOT APPROVE: LEAD HIM IN PATHS OF WISDOM, VIRTUE, USEFULNESS, PEACE, JOY, THAT HIS LIFE MAY BE SPENT IN HIGH AND NOBLE ACTS OF OBEDIENCE TO THEE, AND LOVE TO MAN. GRANT, O GOD, THIS MY HUMBLE, FERVENT PETITION FOR THY GOODNESS' SAKE.

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INTRODUCTION

John Davis Long kept a journal from February 1848, until August 1915, a period of more than sixty-seven years. In manuscript it fills more than twenty volumes. No doubt there exist American diaries of greater length, both chronologically and materially. Probably there are journals of greater historical significance. There may be records of greater civic usefulness. But I doubt if any public man has left an account of his daily life that surpasses Governor Long's in beauty of spirit. His country knew and applauded his administrative ability. His state knew and appreciated his devotion to her traditions and her welfare. His friends and acquaintances knew his integrity, his generosity, his wit, and his sunny nature. But only his journal knew the beauty of his inner life. As Mr. Long himself wrote, one summer day while he was Governor of Massachusetts, "I suppose people think I think of politics. Ah, how far away in other dreams I float."

For beauty of expression, too, it is remarkable. Governor Long was a lover of poetry, and wrote much verse during his life, but there are occasional passages in his journal that are quite as poetic as any of his stanzas. There is, for instance, this glimpse of July in the country, when he was twenty-one. "Rain in the morning: but the two

preceding days have been nothing but beauty: the bluest of skies — the whitest of clouds — the softest of breezes. It is my ideal of loveliness. This midsummer glory!" Another bit of unconscious poetry was called forth a few weeks later by the prospect of returning to the city, always a depressing prospect to Mr. Long. "It is the saddest and most beautiful day of the year. The rains of August are making the landscape as beautiful as June. Oh, what a mellow month September will be! Alas, the open doors and the elm-shade and the sunshine sleeping on the slopes in front of the house touch my heart. I cannot leave them. . . . The wind was never softer or purer. It has all the morning sweetness. It brings with it all that is gone. No more sitting at this desk of a Sunday afternoon and listening to its rush through the maple leaves."

Mr. Long possessed an abundance of Plymouth ancestry, and at least one of his forbears came over in the Mayflower. Yet, strangely enough, the original Longs who emigrated from the north of England to America established themselves not in New England but in North Carolina, near Pamlico Sound. About the time of the American Revolution one of their descendants, Miles Long, moved to Massachusetts in the hope of getting an education. Whether his hope was realized or not does not appear, but it is certain that he married a Miss Clark, whose family had been identified with the Plymouth Colony since the arrival of the Ann in 1623. Their son Thomas married Bathsheba

Churchill, and, as the Churchills, too, had been Plymouth people since 1643, Governor Long came rightly by his innate love for the Old Colony. On his mother's side he had a similar inheritance, for she traced her descent from Dolor Davis, an early settler of Barnstable.

In 1806 Thomas Long and his wife Bathsheba turned their backs upon Massachusetts and journeyed to the wilds of Maine. On a previous expedition Thomas had spied out the land and had bought a farm about a mile from the little village of Buckfield. There they made their new home and brought up a family of twelve or thirteen children. One of these — the third, to be specific — was given the somewhat forbidding name of Zadoc. He, in the course of time, grew up, married, and became the father of a family. Incidentally he was an untiring chronicler of the incidents of his quiet village life; and it is in his voluminous journal that we obtain our earliest glimpses of John Davis Long, who was the youngest member of his household.

October 27, 1838. — At three o'clock this beautiful starlight morning we were blessed with the birth of our second son, under very comfortable circumstances. . . . The weight of our newcomer is 8½ lbs.

January 2, 1844. — John Davis reads at home and is very attentive to his lessons, so much so that he often spells in his sleep.

January 10, 1844. — Grandmother is 77 years old,

and has good health. John Davis fills her wood box every day, and reads his little books to her.

Not many years elapsed before John Davis decided to commence a journal of his own.

L. S. M.

January 1923

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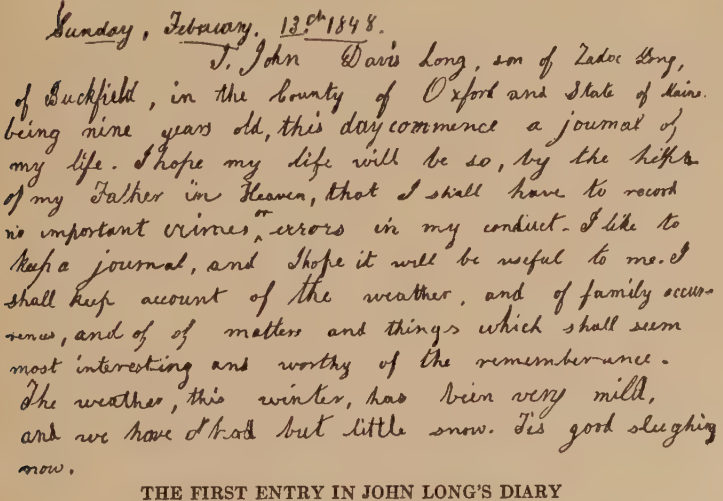
AMERICA OF YESTERDAY

I

BUCKFIELD

"I, JOHN DAVIS LONG, son of Zadoc Long, of Buckfield, in the County of Oxford, and State of Maine, being nine years old, this day commence a journal of my life. I hope my life will be so, by the help of my Father in Heaven, that I shall have to record no important crimes or errors in my conduct. I like to keep a journal, and hope it will be useful to me. I shall keep account of the weather, and of


Sunday, February. 13th 1848.
I, John Davis Long, son of Zadoc Long, of Buckfield, in the County of Oxford and State of Maine. being nine years old, this day commence a journal of my life. I hope my life will be so, by the help of my Father in Heaven, that I shall have to record no important crimes or errors in my conduct. I like to keep a journal, and hope it will be useful to me. I shall keep account of the weather, and of family occurrences, and of of matters and things which shall seem most interesting and worthy of the remembrance. The weather, this winter, has been very mild, and we have had but little snow. Tis good sleighing now.

THE FIRST ENTRY IN JOHN LONG'S DIARY

family occurrences, and of matters and things which shall seem most interesting and worthy of the remembrance. The weather, this winter, has been very mild, and we have had but little snow."

These words were written by a small boy in a large book on the morning of Sunday, February 13, 1848. In later years this small boy became successively Governor of Massachusetts and Secretary of the Navy, and was for almost two generations a favorite figure in the life of New England. His father, Zadoc Long, was one of the leading men in the little town of Buckfield, and the family lived in a comfortable, two-and-a-half-storied house of the kind that is happily so common throughout the older settled parts of the northeastern states. Having kept a store successfully in the village for a number of years, Zadoc Long had retired at an early age, in easy circumstances but with uncertain health. For a while thereafter he turned his attention to politics. In 1838 the Whigs in his district nominated him for Congress, but failed to elect him. Two years later, however, he was chosen a presidential elector and cast his vote for "Tippecanoe and Tyler, too." The Democrats in Oxford County so greatly outnumbered the Whigs that it is doubtful if Mr. Long ever could have succeeded in politics there. He was interested in public affairs, but he was no politician; nor did he aspire to be one. He was content to be a conservative, useful, upright citizen of Buckfield, who was rec-

ognized to be one of the most cultivated men in the State of Maine. He read thoughtfully, talked easily, and now and then wrote verses which appeared in the papers.

John's middle name came from his mother, who was Julia Temple Davis before her marriage. At the time when the diary begins, the household consisted of Mr. and Mrs. Long, their younger daughter, Persis Seaver, — aged nineteen, — and the two boys — Zadoc, Jr. and John Davis. An elder daughter, Julia Davis, had recently married, and now made her home in Winchendon, Massachusetts. This, perhaps, is sufficient introduction to Buckfield in general, and the Long family in particular. How they lived and what they talked about will be revealed in the pages of the small boy's journal.

Not content with the impressive preamble which he composed that winter morning in 1848, John returned to his congenial task in the afternoon.

I have been to church. Mr. Foster, universalist, preaches. I attend school, and study grammar, arithmetic, and geography. My sister Julia Davis was married last Dec. I have read the Bible almost through, in course. I read a chapter every day, and three every Sunday: and when I get through, Mother is to give me a knife, a wallet, and a sack coat for next summer. Father is to give me a dollar.

Monday, February 14, 1848. — Very pleasant morning. Zadoc has gone after the washwoman, and wears father's buffalo sack. I am reading Esq.

John Loring's library. Father is not willing I should read novels until I shall have read very many other books, and until I am older. I shall read Scott's *Ivanhoe* next summer. Old Mrs. Cole died yesterday. She has been sick with the consumption for several years: her funeral will be at 1 o'clock, at the meeting house, this afternoon, and I am going with mother to the funeral.

Afternoon. — Aunt Persis Gross and cousin Newton Gross came here in a sleigh this afternoon. Aunt Persis will go to the funeral.

Monday Evening, February 14. — Have been to the funeral. Mr. Haze, Freewill Baptist, preached the funeral sermon. Mr. Butler took tea with Mr. Lincoln Cummings here. Persis Seaver and Mr. Cummings have gone to a dance at the hall.

Tuesday, February 15. — A Clear and windy morning. Mr. Lincoln Cummings and Persis Seaver are playing Backgammon. Mr. Brown and his wife are gone to Bangor to see their daughter Mary Ann and her little boy. The following rhymes I sent to my sister Julia. Father helped me compose them.

Mother's making me a jacket,
And first she has to baste and tack it:
Then fits it all about me tight,
And asks me if the length is right.
'T is made of Dad's old coat, you see,
That answers well enough for me.
Turned inside out, I must confess,
It makes a very tidy dress.
O, what a wardrobe I possess;
'T will beat the Governor's, I guess:
If sold by weight, I will be bound,

Mother's making me a jacket,
And, first, she has to baste and tack it:
Then fits it all about me tight,
And asks me if the length is right
'Tis made of dad's old coat, you see,
That answers well enough for me.
Turned inside out—and I must confess
It makes a very tidy dress.
O, what a wardrobe I possess
I will beat the Governor's Queen:
If sold by weight, I will be bound,
I will bring at least 3 cents a pound
My garments are of varied hue
Of green, and red and gray and blue.
My pants are darned and mended neat
With air-proof patches on the seat
And when I've worn them all three days
I'll think they are wholly past repair.
They're washed and pack'd away in bags
And barter'd off, as rags for pins, and needles, hooks and rings,
And various other little things.

FACSIMILE OF JOHN DAVIS'S DOMESTIC ODE

'T will bring at least 3 cents a pound.
My garments are of varied hue,
Of green, and red, and navy blue.
My pants are darn'd and mended neat
With air-proof patches on the seat,
And when I 've worn them all threadbare
Till they are wholly past repair,
They're washed and pack'd away in bags,
And barter'd off as paper rags,
For pins and nedles, hooks and rings,
And various other little things.

Afternoon. — I did not go to school this afternoon. I have been sawing wood, and mother says I sawed her a nice parsel. Last night one of Luton Farrar's horses got loose and Zadoc had to get up and hitch the horse again. Lincoln Cummings has gone home to Paris.

Wednesday, February 16. — A very pleasant morning. Father says, "Fear not to have every action of your life open to inspection of mankind. A nicer observer than man sees all that you do." Father says I must remember this. I think I shall go to Paris this afternoon.

Afternoon. — I shall not go to Paris, for father says it is too cold for me. I was next to the foot this forenoon in my class at school and I got next to the head spelling the word "despair."

Thursday, February 17. — A Clear, Cool, beautiful, healthy morning. Father is going into his woods, this morning, to see the loggers. This afternoon, he and mother will go down to Uncle Isaac Ellis's in Turner. It is good sleighing. It has been good sleighing, now, about 2 weeks. Before that,

almost all the time, people traveled with wheels. Father has not got any wood this winter, but expects to get some next week off of his own lot. I saw wood sometimes for the cook-stove. Mr. Hesekiah Atwood keeps our school. Mr. Zury Robinson, who kept it the first part of the winter, was sick & went home. I liked him for a schoolmaster. I like Mr. Atwood, too.

Afternoon. — . . . Zadoc has gone to school now to recite his French lesson to Mr. Atwood, and has left the whole house to me, and I have built a fire, waiting for mother and father to come home and warm them. There is a cotillion school to-night, Mr. Eliot plays. The managers are Oscar Gardiner and Orvile Bridghum. The cotillion school was to keep twelve evenings and now it is most done. I shall go into the cotillion school to-night.

Friday, February 18. — A morning like a number which we have had, most delightful. Mr. Benjamin Cummings called here last night, and we expect him here this morning to take a note to Persis who is at Paris. It is good sleighing now, but I don't think it will be long unless we have another snowstorm pretty soon. The little school finished yesterday, and I think ours will to-day or to-morrow.

Saturday, February 19. — The good weather and good sleighing are continued. Father is churning, and mother is clearing away the breakfast. Zadoc has gone to Mr. Jonathan Buck's to get a tripe. Persis Seaver is at Mr. Stephen Emery's at Paris. Our school closed yesterday. . . .

The United States are at war with the Republic of Mexico. James K. Polk is President of the United States, Elected by the Democratic party, or the Loco-foco party, as it is reproachfully called. The whig, or federal party, as it is sometimes called by the Democratic party, are opposed to the war. Father is opposed to the war, and says it is unjust and wicked, and that it will prove a curse to this nation. John W. Dana is Governer of this State, chosen by the Loco-foco party. The whigs talk about Henry Clay for the next president.

Sunday, February 20. — A pleasant morning. It looks some like snow. We have had so many warm days the sleighing is almost gone. I have written a letter to my sister Julia, who lives in Winchendon, Massachusetts. I have read in the Bible, and in the 19th Chapter of Acts it says that miracles were performed by Paul, by which diseases were healed and evil spirits cast out. Some of the bad Jews undertook to do the same things, calling over them possessed of evil spirits the name of Jesus. And the evil spirit said, Jesus I know, Paul I know, but who are ye? And the man that had the evil spirit leaped upon the vagabond Jews and overcame them, and they fled naked and wounded. I love to read the Bible. It is the best book in the world, because it is the word of God our Lord.

Monday, February 21. — The snow fell last night, two inches deep, and will help the sleighing. The storm has cleared away, and the weather is very pleasant again. Zadoc has gone to the west part of

the town to get some lard for mother, and James Jewett has gone with him, to hold the horse. There are 225 inhabitants in this village. There are 36 dwelling houses in this village, 1 church, 1 common schoolhouse, one High School house, six stores, 2 blacksmith's shops, 1 carpenter's shop, 2 wagon shops in which the machinery goes by water, 1 cabinet shop with water machinery, 1 Tin shop, a room for making powder kegs by water, 8 shoemaker's shops, 2 tailor's shops, 1 grist mill with four running stones, 1 starch factory, 1 Hoe factory in which the machinery goes by water, 1 tavern, 2 saw mills, 1 clothing shop, 1 carding shop, 3 lawyers' offices. The Portland stage comes here 3 times a week, and the stage from Augusta to Friburg passes through here four times a week. 400 dozen of hoes are made here this winter. Uncle and Aunt Ellis came here with a horse and sleigh. I have been splitting wood this forenoon, and Zadoc sawed some. I like to split wood.

Tuesday, *February* 22. — Cloudy and warm. Last night the northern Lights shone out as if a house was on fire. There is a Temperance meeting.

Wednesday, *February* 23. — Cloudy and damp. It snows a little and is very warm. Father has bought a suit of clothes for Zadoc; broadcloth for a sack coat, kersemere for some pants, and a silk vest. Persis Seaver is still at Paris. We received a letter from Julia last night, and she has had a tooth out. Father has not got any wood out yet, but expects some to-morrow. Father cut my hair this morning.

Thursday, February 24. — A change in the weather: very pleasant, but colder. Father has borrowed me an little axe of my cousin Carrol Loring, and If It suits me will buy it for me. Father expects some wood to-day, and I shall chop with my little axe then. Father says I am to chop with my little axe, but never split with it, but take the old axe to split with.

Sunday, February 27. — Cloudy and pleasant, but cold. I have been reading the 24 chapter of Acts, about Paul who was brought before the governor and accused of being a pestilent fellow, and a mover of sedition, and a ringleader of the sect of Nazarenes, etc. And Paul answered to this accusation boldly and eloquently. Paul was a learned man and a fearless Christian, and could defend his faith as well as anybody. I love to read his speaches.

Monday, February 28. — Cold, clear, and healthful. We rose early, and milked. Eat our breakfast, told our dreams. Zadoc dremped an indian chased him with a bloody knife. I dreamed I milked the cow — that her bag was between her fore legs.

Wednesday, March 1. — To-day is the first day of Spring, and it is one of the Most blustering days that we have had this winter. . . . There is a report in the paper of a treaty of peace with Mexico: and the United States are to give Mexico fifteen millions of dollars. I hope this report is true and that the treaty will be ratified. According to this treaty, Mexico is to be discharged from her debt to the people of the U. States. And then the U. States

will have about half the territory of Mexico. The boundary line will begin at the mouth of the river Rio Grande, three leagues into the Gulf of Mexico; then up to the southern boundary of New Mexico: across to the first branch of the river Gila; from thence to the river Colerado, & to the town of St. Diego, giving the U. States all Upper California and a port on the Pacific Ocean.

Friday, March 3. — A snow storm. It seems more like winter than like spring. John Quincy Adams, member of Congress, died at Washington on the twenty-third of last month, aged eighty-one — just as old as Grandmother Nelson was when she died. He fainted in his seat, and died in the Speaker's room, from old age. He has been president four years, and has been in public service more than any other man in the United States: he was a whig, and much respected by all parties. He was a Christian, and did all his public and private duties faithfully, and in fear of God. Father says he wishes all our public men were as good as he was. His last words were, "This is the end of earth."

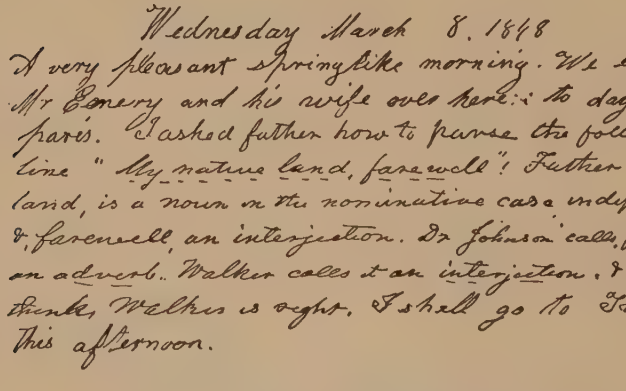
Saturday, March 4. — A very blustering day and the wind blows the snow into great drifts. Uncle Lucius Loring will start for Boston to-day. Persis wants to know if I am done writing, for she wants to clean the room. Mr. Jordon will haul six more cords, and that will make twenty cords of wood. Father is to give him five shillings a cord for hauling it & cutting it in the woods.

Sunday, March 5. — Another snow storm.

Grandfather Long staid here last night. He told us all about the ships, for he was once a sailor.

Tuesday, March 7. — A pleasant morning. Our private school begins to-day. Mr. Hesikieh Atwood keeps it. Last night I came very near burning up the house. I went into a closit in Grandmother's room to get my shoes; and then father, mother, and I were sitting in the sitting room, and we smelt a strange smell, and father got up and went into the closet and it was all on fire. He got water & put it out.

Wednesday, March 8. — A very pleasant spring-like morning. . . . I asked father how to parse the following line — "My native land, farewell!" Father says land is a noun in the nominative case independent, & farewell, an interjection. Dr. Johnson calls farewell an adverb. Walker calls it an interjection, & father thinks Walker is right.


Wednesday March 8. 1848
A very pleasant Springlike morning. We expect Mr Emery and his wife over here to day from Paris. I asked father how to parse the following line "My native land, farewell"! Father says, land, is a noun in the nominative case independent & farewell, an interjection. Dr Johnson calls farewell, an adverb. Walker calls it an interjection. & father thinks, Walker is right. I shall go to Turner this afternoon.

FACSIMILE RECORD OF A GRAMMATICAL DISCUSSION IN THE LONG FAMILY

Saturday, March 11. — A clear cool but pleasant morning. Uncle Lucius Loring has got home and brought Persis Seaver some cloth to make her a dress. Father has been summoned to-day by the State, to attend as a witness the trial of Valorous Cooledge at Augusta for murder.

Sunday, March 12. — . . . Persis is preparing to go and see Julia. She has got her a new dress, but it don't suit her very well.

Monday, March 13. — A very pleasant morning. Father started for Augusta this morning. Olivia Records is here cutting a dress for Persis. She is deaf and dumb, and has been to the Asylum.

Wednesday, March 15. — A pleasant but windy morning. There is to be a party in the hall to-night: it is the last night of the cotillions. The players are Mr. Watterman, Mr. Eliot, Mr. Weeks.

Thursday, March 16. — A very cold day. I went to the dance last night, and had firstrate music.

Saturday, March 18. — A snow storm. Father is still at Augusta, and we expect a letter from him to-day.

Afternoon. — I have had a letter from father in which he gives us a very interesting account of the trial. We see by the paper that a treaty of peace with Mexico is ratified. Father says the treaty is not just as he should have it — he would have less Mexican territory, and none of the population.

Monday, March 20. — A very pleasant, beautiful, delightful springlike morning. It is one of the pleasantest days we have had this Spring, or winter. Grandfather came here to eat some dinner with

mother and me. Zadoc saw Doctor Cooledge, who thought father would not be home from the trial till the last of this week, this morning: he is Uncle to Valorous.

Tuesday, March 21. — A pleasant springlike morning. We some expect father home to-day from Augusta. We shall all bee glad to see him. Mother and Persis are quilting. Mrs. Morrell has been here helping them a little.

Wednesday, March 22. — A very pleasant but windy morning. We were disappointed in not seeing father yesterday, but we shall expect him to-day. I hope he is well, and we shall be glad to see him. Mother and Zadoc have gone down to Grandfather Long's. We are all very anxious to hear the result of the trial. Many believe he is guilty but will not be convicted.

Thursday, March 23. — Cloudy and colder. We were not disappointed this time at not seeing father, for he came home last night. Zadoc and I have been chopping wood, but the wood pile don't seem to diminish much. We have received news that there is a revolution in France and that Louis Philip, the king, has been driven from the throne, and the people have proclaimed a Republic.

Friday, March 24. — A pleasant cool morning. Zadoc and I are chopping wood. This month has been as stormy & cold as any month we have had this winter, and as much snow has fallen as in all the rest of this winter. Now the snow is going off, and the hills are bare, and the traveling is bad.

Father left his gold pencil at the Augusta house. Father and I are going down to Grandfather Long's to-day, I guess. V. Coolidge is convicted.

At this point the diarist's recital of events, local, national, and foreign, is interrupted by an entry of a quite different nature, written in a mature, well-formed hand.

My son, I have looked over what you wrote in your journal during my absence, and find the matter well enough, but the *penmanship is not good.* You must take more pains. Do not blot your book. Let the spaces between your words be as *equal* as possible; also, between your letters. Always so place your book upon the table or desk, that your marks will *all* slant in *one* direction, and that you can rest your arm. Never write with a hair in the point of your pen. Sit or stand *erect*, with your chest thrown out as much as possible, *in front* to prevent injury to your *health.* Try to observe all these rules, my dear boy, never inserting anything in your journal that you will ever be ashamed to read (I omitted to add that your letters must be made exactly upon the ruled line, & that your long letters must all be as nearly as can be, of a length, & never extend but half-way between the lines, it being a sort of *trespass* to extend them any farther), and your Diary, which I value so much, will appear better.

Z. Long

Friday, *March* 31. — A warm, pleasant morning, and the snow goes off very fast. To-day is the last day of March. The peaple in France have opened a Republic and it has been acknowledged by Great Britain.

Saturday, *April* 1. — A pleasant morning. To-day is April-fool-day. The snow has almost gone and the traveling is very bad, and the stage don't get up here till almost midnight. Mr. Webster has made a very eloquent speech against the war: he does not like the treaty very well. Dr. Coolidge has been hand-cuffed, and carried to State Prison at Thomastown.

Monday, *April* 3. — . . . I was *ferruled* for chewing boxberry leaves at school.

Thursday, *April* 6. — . . . Father is reading N. P. Willis's *Pencilings* during his travel in France, Italy, Greece, Asia Minor, and Turkey and England.

Wednesday, *April* 12. — Cloudy. Mr. Arad Jordan is chopping wood for us. Mr. Lampson is here taking daguerreotype likenesses. Revolution is going on in Austria. Louis Philippe's property in France is confiscated. He was the richest man in the world. There is a civil war in Central America.

Thursday, *April* 13. — Cloudy and rainy. To-day is fast day. The people are blasting the ledge in the road opposite Mr. Allan's wagon-shop. They just have made a seam-blast that jarred the houses, and throwed off pieces of rock that would weigh 30 tons. I am going to have my daguerreotype like-

JOHN DAVIS LONG WHEN NINE YEARS OLD

ness taken this morning. Father wants me to stand up when it is taken, in my green sack coat, buttoned up, with my right hand in the outside pocket, leaning my left elbow upon the light stand, holding in my left hand my ball. Grandmother Long is here, and father will have her likeness taken.

Saturday, *April* 15. — A very warm and pleasant morning. Grandfather and Grandmother and Zadoc and I have had our daguerreotype likenesses taken. Father paid for them all. The nations of Europe seem to be in [a] state of revolution for Republics.

Sunday, *April* 16. — . . . I have been reading the Bible in the first Corinthians, where it says that God raised up the Lord. I suppose that the Lord means Jesus Christ.

Monday, *April* 17. — A very pleasant morning. Our school finished to-day, on account of having few scholars and his folks being sick. Mr. Giles Merrell is here chopping wood for us. Father has bought his horse: Father says it is as black as ink, long tail, loose-ribbed, head and nose a little more like a horse's than a Birkshire bore's, neck protruding from his shoulders downward: a lean, lazy, slab-sided, flat-footed Rosanante.

Tuesday, *April* 18. — A very cold and windy morning. Mr. Giles Merrell of Hebron is here chopping wood for us. Zadoc has been riding our horse, and likes him very well. Mr. Lamson has as many daguerreotype likenessess as he can do.

Sunday, *April* 23. — A very pleasant morning.

I have not written in my journal for a few days. Zadoc and Asa Atwood and I went a fishing yesterday up to Basin Falls, and Zadoc catched one of the largest trouts that was ever catched in this town.

I have been reading in the first Corinthians about Paul's advice. Paul was an old bachelor, and he did not think that it was best to marry; and he said, if a man prayeth with his head covered he dishonored his head, and if a woman prayeth with her head uncovered, she dishonoreth the head.

Saturday, *April* 29. — A rain storm. I went down last night to see the boys spear suckers, and I got one, and father had it for his supper. Father has bought a new stair carpet for the front stairs, and a sofa and some mahogony stuffed chairs and some curtains for the parlor.

Sunday, *April* 30. — A pleasant, but windy morning. The revolutionary movement is pervading in Europe. The Last Steamer brings news that in England, and Ireland, the spirit of popular liberty is breaking out. The Government is making arrangements for military defence. The Queen Victoria and her family have moved to the Isle of Wight, it not being deemed safe for her to stay in London. The Repealers of Ireland seem to be making common cause with the Chartists of England, & it is probable that some blood will be shed before the disturbance is quelled.

Tuesday, *May* 2. — It rained all night and this morning and it rains now. Mr. Lamson was going away this morning, but it rained and he will not

go unless it stops raining. General Scott, the commander in chief of our forces, has been recalled from the war with Mexico by President Polk, and the Loco foco administration would like to put down General Scott and General Taylor because they are Whigs.

Wednesday, May 3. — A real rain storm. Father is writing a letter to Julia Davis and Persis. There is a revolution for a Republic in Austria and England. The kings are giving up their power.

Thursday, May 11. — A real rain storm. The grass begins to look green and the trees begin to leaf out. The whigs talk some of nominating General Taylor, or Mr. Clay and others. The whigs in [the] Massachusetts legislature have recommended Mr. Webster to the national convention as a sutable candidate for President. Mr. Clay has been before the American people now almost a quarter of a century, or twenty-five years, and he is now seventy years old, and father thinks he had better not be candidate for President any more. The summer school will begin a week from next monday. Miss Maria Chase will keep the large school, and Miss Harriett Hawke will keep the small school.

Saturday, May 13. — . . . Our furniture came up last night for the parlor.

Wednesday, May 17. — A beautiful morning. Aunt Thankful Long is here: she staid here last night. I am reading Scott's *Ivanhoe* now, and Father says, after I get it through I must not read any more novels till I am older.

Sunday, *May* 21. — Cloudy and foggy. The apple-trees are in blossom. Father bought the *Life of Henry Clay* yesterday, and gave it to Zadoc and me; and I am going to read it through. The Locos meet at Baltimore next monday to nominate a candidate for next President.

Monday, *May* 22. — . . . I went to school this forenoon, and waited an hour, and over, but the mistress did not come.

In the middle of this page, and quite without warning, the handwriting of Zadoc Long reappears in one brief emphatic sentence: —

"John Davis, you *must* write better and plainer."

To this the small boy replies, "I have no good pen."

Friday, *May* 26. — A pleasant warm morning. Grandmother Long is here. Some men from Canton have joined with the men in this place and are going to view a rail road way from here to Farmington. They went right thro our field.

Sunday, *May* 28. — A warm pleasant morning. Father and Mother and I have been up to grandmother Nelson's grave to see the snowball bush that we set out there. The Democratic party have nominated General Cass of Michigan for next president.

I am reading in the Bible in the first and second chapters of Gallations; there is not much of anything to write. Mr. Walker will deliver a Temper-

ance Lecture to-night. There will be a Sunday school next Sunday and Zadoc organised it. I shall go. We had one last fall, but it was broke up, and we did not have a very long one. . . . The whig State convention of this state have chosen Taylor delegates to go to the National Convention, and Elijah Hamblin for candidate for next Governor.

Tuesday, *May* 30. — A rain storm. An engineer from New York is here to survey a route for a railway from here to Farmington. . . . General Scott was received with great display at N. Y. and says there will be peace with the Mexican Republic.

Saturday, *June* 10. — A warm pleasant morning. School is not kept all day. Some of the scholars declaimed, and I was one of the number; and some wrote compositions to-day. They wrote about scholars' duties to their teacher: next Thursday they will write about a teacher's duty to a scholar. Our snowball bush has blown and looks very handsome: it has become quite a large tree, and covers a good deal of ground.

Wednesday, *June* 14. — Windy morning. General Taylor has been Elected for next president by the National Convention.

Friday, *June* 16. — There is now a prospect of some kind of weather. I will not write any more till afternoon. This afternoon it is very dry and hot. It now begins to rain in a shower. There is a drawing school here. Miss Olivia Record keeps it. I do not go. I should like to go: but Father will not let me go.

Saturday, *June* 17. — A very warm pleasant day.

The treaty of peace has been ratified by both governments. I wrote a composition at school. It was the first one that I ever wrote at school.

Wednesday, June 21. — . . . I have begun to read Stephens's *Travels in Central America.*

Thursday, June 22. — A warm pleasant morning. I fell down at school and cut my tongue very bad with my teeth.

Monday, June 26. — . . . Father has sold his horse to Mr. William Creasy for about 90 dollars.

Friday, June 30. — A foggy warm day. To-day is the last day of June. Mr. J. Bennett is fixing his store. Henry and Howard Taylor, Wallis Atwood and myself went a strawberrying yesterday and the whole of us got twenty three qts. Henry got six quarts, Howard five, Wallis six, and myself six.

Saturday, July 1. — Cloudy and foggy. There are four candidates for President now. The Liberty party have nominated Mr. Hale of New Hampshire. The Whig party have nominated General Taylor of Louis[ian]a. The Democrats have nominated General Cass. A portion of the Democrats, called the Barn-Burner party, have nominated Martin Van Buren. The Liberal party are sometimes called the "*one idea*" party, because they want slavery abolished. The whig party are opposed to Slavery, and opposed to war for conquest, and to the annexation of more territory. They believe that Congress have the power to abolish Slavery in the District of Columbia, and in all the territories. They are opposed to the Veto Power. They are in favor of a *protective*

tariff. The Democrat party, except the Barn-Burners, are in favor of annexation of territory. They deny the right of Congress to prohibit Slavery in the territories. They are opposed to protection of Manufactures at home. The Barn-Burner party agree with the whigs on the subject of Slavery, and the powers of Congress over [the] subject of Slavery.

Sunday, July 2. — Cloudy, warm morning. Ambrose Buck got home from Canada last night with nine horses. Mr. Foster preaches at Union Chapel to-day. There is a Sunday School here now, and I have got my lesson for to-day. The Fourth of July is day after to-morrow. I expect to attend a Temperance Celebration at Turner on that day.

Monday, July 3. — A rain storm to-day. It is a very rainy day, and I am afraid it will rain to-morrow. If it does not, I shall go to Turner: at Turner there will two hundred boys and girls march to the Temperence Celebration, & I shall march with them, if I go down to Turner. I shall not go to school this afternoon, but stay at home, and write and read. . . . I am reading Mr. Stephen's *Travels in Central America, Chipas and Yucatan and Yzabald.*

Tuesday, July 4. — A cool pleasant day. I got up at twelve o'clock this morning, and so did Zadoc, and we joined the boys who fired the Cannon and blowed the trumpets, and drummed on old tin pails, and made all the noise we could, so as to wake up the folks, every one of them. After breakfast Father and Zadoc and I started for Turner. At

Turner we saw two hundred and fifty boys and girls march. They had a band of Martial music and a choir of Sacred music. They marched up to the grove, and there Reverend Mr. Butler delivered an oration on Temperence, which was firstrate. I then came home here to Buckfield, and staid here the rest of the day.

Dear John Davis, you must write better and plainer & show me a good pen.

PARENTAL CRITICISM AND FILIAL REPLY

II

SCHOOL DAYS

If one who knew Governor Long were asked to name his chief characteristics, he would certainly include in the list these four: temperance, culminating in total abstinence; love of Latin literature; enjoyment of music; and kindliness of heart. It is interesting, perhaps, but after all not unnatural, that these traits should be conspicuous in his journal as it rambles through his boyhood. Again the scene opens in Buckfield in the year 1848; Johnny Long is still a boy of nine years.

Wednesday, July 19. — Pleasant morning. I have not written in my journal for a good while, so I will write now. . . . We are getting in our hay, some of it.

Friday, July 21. — It is real hot weather. Persis and Mr. Butler have gone to take a ride off somewhere. I shall write a composition at school to-day.

Sunday, July 23. — A small rain storm; but it will make the grass grow. . . . There is no meeting here to-day, so I shall stay at home & read the Bible with mother.

Monday, July 24. — A cloudy, rainy, misty, and muddy day. Our school keeps two or three weeks longer. *I have begun the study of Latin.* [The

italics are his own.] Zadoc will hear me recite.

Wednesday, July 26. — A real warm day. Father and I think we shall go up Streaked Mountain after blueberries.

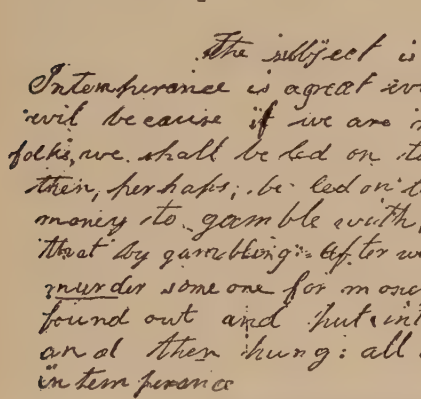
Thursday, July 27. — Very pleasant day. There is a great Political meeting off to Portland, composed of Loco-focos who will not vote for Cass, and Whigs who will not vote for Taylor, and the Abolitionist party, to nominate a new candidate for next President. This is one of my compositions. The subject is *Intemperance.* Intemperance is a great evil. It is a great evil because if we are made drunk by folks, we shall be led on to *gambling;* and then, perhaps, be led on to stealing, to get money to gamble with, and then lose that by gambling: After we lose that, we may *murder* someone for money; and then be found out and put into State's prison, and then hung: all of this comes from intemperance. I hope there is no one at our school who will be a rum drinker, or a rum seller except when it is necessary for people to put on wounds that are very bad.

Sunday, July 30. — A beautiful warm morning. . . . Mr. Harskall came up here to-day and took father's horse: father had told him that he might have the horse if he would come up here and get him, but father did not like to have him come on Sunday. He is to give father $145 for him.

Monday, July 31. — . . . Mother and Father are going up to Winchendon to see Julia and Nelson.

Tuesday, August 1. — Very pleasant after the storm. Miss Olivia Record is here making a dress for Mother.

Saturday, August 5. — A small rain storm. Father has bought another horse of Saml. Buck, and gave ninety dollars for the horse. Father bought a cow, too, of Edmund Shaw, for $ eighteen dollars. Father is trying to get up a school here, this Fall: if he can get fifteen scholars he will begin the school. Father has got eleven schoolars now. Mr. Kimball N. Prince will keep the school for 20 cents a week pr scholar.


The subject is Intemperance.
Intemperance is a great evil. It is a great evil because if we are made drunk by folks, we shall be led on to gaming; and then, perhaps, be led on to stealing to get money to gamble with, and then lose that by gambling: after we lose that we may murder some one for money; and then be found out and put into State's prison and then hung: all of this comes from intemperance

THE LIQUOR QUESTION IN 1848

Sunday, August 6. — . . . Father has got 17 scholars to go to the Fall school. I have been to meeting to-day. Mr. Foster preached the sermon. I shall not go to meeting this afternoon. There is a Sunday School here, but there are only a few that attend it to-day; at the Sunday School I saw but five besides myself there. There are more than

that generally. I think it is a good plan to have a Sunday school.

Monday, *August* 7. — . . . Father and Mother have concluded to let me go to Winchendon with them, and mother is making me some clothes to go in.

Tuesday, *August* 8. — One of the warmest days we have had all summer. Mrs. Morrell is here, making me some clothes to go and see Julia in Winchendon. Grandfather Long is up here: he came up here to stay all night with us: he is a very old man: he has mowed in his field all through the hay season, and he is a very smart man. Father has been elected a member of the Board of Trustees of Oxford Normal Institute.

Thursday, *August* 10. — Very hot and Sultry weather, but it makes the corn grow. The people here are reaping and getting in their oats and rye. We have a tripe every fortnite and we shall have a peace of it to-night for supper.

Saturday, *August* 12. — Very hot day. Cousin John Addison Davis Gross is here. He made me a pair of stilts and I can walk a little on them, but it is hard work to keep my balance on them. This is the most sultry day we have had this season. Our school finished this afternoon.

Sunday, *August* 13. — Very pleasant morning. John Addison Davis Gross went away this morning: he says he shall not vote for General Taylor. Father thinks General Taylor will be elected president of the United States. We shall start for Win-

chendon a week from to-morrow, if we are all well.

Tuesday, *August* 15. — Very warm and sultry weather. Father will not go, if this dry weather continues, to Winchendon next Monday. Father has bought me a little red covered blank traveling memmorandom book.

Thursday, *August* 17. — Hot and sultry weather continues. The County Commissioners meet at Robinson's Mills, Sumner, to-day, to see about laying out a railroad from there to Buckfield Village. Our cow got away to-day and we have been all over the village, but we cannot find her.

Portland, *Friday* 25. — Very pleasant cool morning. We have started this morning on our journey for Winchendon: when we first started there was but three of us, but when we got to Grey we were so crowded that no more could get inside, or on the outside; we ate dinner at Grey and then we started for Portland, where we arrived safe and sound about four o'clock. Our stage fare was three dollars and seventy five cents.

Portland, *Saturday*, *August* 26. — . . . Mother is shopping and making calls to-day. I shall go to meeting to-morrow. Father bought mother a handkerchief pin and Julia and Persis each of them a gold locket.

Portland, *Sunday*, *August* 27. — Very beautiful morning. I have been to meeting to-day to Baptist meeting house and heard Rev. Mr. Beacher preach the sermon. These are the words, "he that findeth his life shall lose it, but he that loseth his life shall

find it." I sat in the Barrells' pew with George Barrell. Father and Mother went to the third parish, and heard Rev. Mr. Dwight preache the sermon. We shall start away in the morning in the cars for Boston and we shall stop at the Quincy house.

At this interesting point the journal omits four weeks without apology or explanation! Were Boston and Winchendon in 1848 such exciting places that the young diarist was unable to record his impressions and adventures? Or is the account of his visit in Massachusetts preserved in the undiscovered "little red covered blank traveling memmorandom book," which it is reasonable to suppose was given to him for that purpose? All we know is that a disappointing hiatus exists, after which the chronicle resumes the story of life in Buckfield.

The reader has probably gathered that a project existed to connect Buckfield village with the more modern world by a railroad. The line was to run from Mechanic Falls to Buckfield, a distance of about twelve miles. A company was formed and a charter granted in the summer of 1847. Stock, assessable to one hundred per cent of the par value, was eagerly subscribed for by the people of Oxford County, especially by the well-to-do citizens of Buckfield. Zadoc Long invested two thousand dollars. The prospect of the village becoming a railroad terminus led to other enterprises. For instance, Mr. Seth B. Horton leased the Long's house for five years and turned it into a tavern.

Apparently Mr. Long and his family continued to reside there, but the building was considerably enlarged and reconstructed for its new purpose. "The carpenters have come to enlarge the dining room," writes John, not yet ten years old. "It seems all most wicked to tear away such good strong work, that has been there but twelve years."

These were indeed stirring times for a small boy to live in. The climax was reached on October 31, 1848, when ground was broken for the Buckfield Branch Railroad.

"We fired one hundred and thirteen guns. Mr. Paris delivered a speech and Jonathan Record shoveled the first shovel full of dirt because he was the oldest man in the town. He was ninety-nine years of age; and old Mr. Paris wheeled away the first wheelbarrow load of dirt."

The educational system of Buckfield was not elaborate. The town schools were in session three months during the winter and three months during the summer. During the seasons of planting and harvesting, education gave way to agriculture, unless some enterprising citizen like Mr. Long organized a private school to fill the interim. There was no high school, but the more promising youth attended a neighboring academy at Hebron, about seven miles away. In the spring of 1849, John Davis Long was still a pupil in the Buckfield schools — although not always present.

Thursday, April 19, 1849. — Snow storm. Mr.

Stephenson, one of the engineers, will go away today for the Canton route is most done. Mother is making me a jacket. Persis is making a dress of nice silk. I shall not go to school for I want to get my boots tapped.

Friday, April 20. — Pleasant weather. It snowed yesterday and some of the people go in sleighs. It was so stormy yesterday that Mr. Stephenson did not go away, but he went this morning in the stage. My boots are not mended and I shall not go to school.

Saturday, April 21. — . . . School finishes today. It keeps half a day. It has kept six weeks, and I had to pay $1.20 for my schooling: 't was rather high. I shall have about one week to rest and then I shall have to go to Hebron.

To Hebron he went, a fortnight later — and then came days and nights that tried the soul.

Monday, May 7. — Very pleasant weather. I am now at Hebron Academy. I board at the preceptor's house. I study Latin and Arithmetic. There is another boy that rooms with us; his name is Derick Bridgham. He and Zadoc and I went a fishing this Afternoon.

Tuesday, May 8. — Rather windy this morning. I get three Fables in Latin in the forenoon and three in the Afternoon. I shall go home again Saturday.

Wednesday, May 9. — . . . Hebron is a real lonesome place.

Thursday, May 10. — Very pleasant weather. I went down to Bridgham's Mills yesterday where I saw Mr. Benson, Mr. Parsell, Mr. Hussey and Mr. Arrowsmith by whom Zadoc sent a letter home to Father. When I was coming home I met Horris Morrell, Mr. Nathan Morrel's son. It rained all the way home, and Zadoc and I got all wet through. I shall be glad when next Saturday comes for I shall go home then and see the folks. I get real homesick here; it is such a lonesome place, the days seem weeks to me.

Friday, May 11. — Rainy, homesick weather. Zadoc Finished his Latin book of Salust Jugurthine war, and now he is going to get the other part of it, the conspiracy of Catiline. The bell has just been ringing and it sounds lonesome enough. Saturday will be to-morrow and then I shall go home. I shall walk part of the way and Father will come and meet us.

Hebron, Monday, June 18. — Hot weather. I am going to study at Hebron again. I have been away from here about five weeks during which time many changes have taken place. I have been at Buckfield all this time and I have not wrote in my journal because it was over here and I was in Buckfield. I have been so sick with the mumps that I could not set up. Zadoc catched the mumps of me and was very sick with them. Father and Mother have gone on to Winchendon to see Julia.

Tuesday, June 19. — Very pleasant weather. I am not so homesick to-day as I was yesterday, but

I am still homesick and lonesome, and I guess Zadoc is too. I have got my lesson and after I have wrote I am going to take a walk a little ways, I guess. There was a funeral here yesterday: the deceased was Mrs. Monk. I went a strawberrying yesterday and got a few strawberrys. Derick went with me. I shall have to write compositions here one week, and declaim the next. There are but eleven scholars that come to school this term, and what come to school are all males. I had a loose tooth in my head yesterday and it was so loose that I pulled it out with my fingers. It had ought to come out long ago, and I am glad it is out. The Thermomitre is up to 85 degrees above Zero to-day and It is real hot.

Wednesday, June 20. — Hot weather. The thermometer is eighty seven degrees above Zero and it [is] too warm. I hope it will not be so long. I wrote some in a letter to Father and Mother and Julia. Zadoc is now writing to them. I would give most anything if I was at home, and I guess Zadoc would too. Zadoc was quite sick last night and he and I and Derick sweat like everything. Derick did not sweat as much as Zadoc and I did. Zadoc wants me to go up in the woods with him, and I will not write any more but will go with Zadoc.

Thursday, June 21. — Warm. Zadoc and I slept better last night because it was cooler and we had moved the bed into this room. It is not so warm to-day as it was yesterday, yet I feel like crying — I am so homesick here in this lonesome place. This

morning I went to turn the water out of the wash-bowl. I was turning it out of the window when It slipped out of my hands and went smash onto the ground. I should like to see Buckfield and Persis and Father, Mother, Julia, Nelson, Mr. Benson, Arrowsmith, Gregg, Barret, Parsell, Mr. Morrell, and Janie, Mr. Arrowsmith's little daughter — she is about Eleven months old. I am in the room all alone writing in my journel. Zadoc and Derick are reciting their lessons in the Academy. I expect they will come soon. Yes, here comes Zadoc. I have recited my lessons in Latin. I shall have to walk home Saturday, but I will go home if I do have to walk all the way; but I guess some body will be going along that will take me in. I guess Zadoc has made up his mind to go Saturday, and not stay a fortenite. Saturday comes day after to-morrow.

Friday, June 22. — Very warm weather. The thermometer is up to 92 degrees above Zero. To-morrow I am going home and I wish I was never coming back again. I laid awake half of the night last night. I could not get to sleep it was so warm. I shall expect a letter to-morrow from Father. I shall be at Buckfield to-morrow, and so I shall not get it till monday. I will not write any more now in my journal, but I will write to Father.

Buckfield, Saturday, June 23. — Very pleasant weather. This morning I got up at about 20 minutes past three and started for this village [at] 20 minutes of four and got here at 20 minutes past 7,

and walked all the way — 7 miles. I was real glad to get home again.

For another dreary week John and Zadoc attended Hebron Academy, and then came a surprise so joyful that it temporarily upset the youngster's grammar.

Buckfield, Tuesday, July 10. — Very pleasant. While I was at Hebron waiting for the Master to Hear my lesson, I heard a wagon coming along and thought I would go and see who had come. It was Isaac Morrell, Mr. Morrell's boy, who had come over after Zadoc and I to go home with him, which we done of course. Zadoc is going into a store and I am going to school here.

Buckfield, Wednesday, July 11. — Very warm and sultry. I go to school here. I am making me a tamborene. It is most dinner time. I am glad I am not at Hebron now.

Thursday, July 12. — I made a tamborene yesterday with Zadoc's help, but It was not good for much so to-day I have made me another one which is very good.

Saturday, July 14. — Very different weather from what it was yesterday, for instead of being hot weather it has *subitato mutati ad* cold. Cousin George has just got home *ab sua expeditione capere pisces*. There will be a circus here a week from next Monday and I have got money enough to go to it so quick. The bills have been up

ever since Monday before the fourth of July.

Monday, July 16. — . . . A week from to-day the circus will be here.

After supper, Tuesday, 17. — . . . Mrs. Arrowsmith's babie, little Janie, fell out of her crib and come right fair on her little head, and she has not got quite well of it yet. There was a circus here last September, which was not so good as this one I guess. It will be here next Monday. The name of the owner of it is R. H. D. Sands and Co. Hipporenan Arena. I will not write any more about it untill next Monday comes, only that I have got my quarter already for it. I wish I [did] not think of it so much as I do, for I think of it all the time.

Saturday, 21. — To-day the Circus will be at Norway.

Monday, 23. — Pleasant. The Circus has been here to-day. It first came in with a large chariot hauled by six camels and one elephant. Another elephant hauled a baggage cart, and sixteen ponies pulled a chariot. The performances began in the afternoon and were very good. I went. It was on Mr. Paris' land, down by the town house. There were about fifteen hundred spectators in the circus.

Thursday, 26. — . . . I shall not go to school this forenoon, but I shall stay in the house most of the time. I have made me a little fiddle, or it cannot be called a fiddle exactly. I have not made the bow to it yet, but I am going to as soon as I write in my journall. I have wrote Sixty five pages and a half since Sunday, February 13, 1848, somewhere

about a year and a half in writing 65 ½ pages. I will not write any more just now, but will go and make my fiddle bow.

Monday, *August* 6. — . . . The Buckfield Branch Railway has nearly completed the grading, and the rails which are in Portland will be laid as soon as the Company can raise money to pay for it.

Friday, 10. — . . . My accordean is out of order so that I cannot play on it well.

Monday, *September* 3. — Cold morning, but pleasant afternoon. Father has sold his railroad stock for 52½ Dollars on a share which is a hundred dollars. Father, too, bought Uncle Loring's Stock which was seven hundred dollars: then sold that, too, to Mr. Benson, the contractor, so now he has not any stock in the Buckfield Branch. The process of laying the iron on the railroad was begun to-day.

During the following autumn and winter John Davis Long evidently found other pursuits more interesting than writing in his diary, and his entry for January 20, 1850, although suggestive, hardly does justice to the history of the railroad. He wrote, "The Buckfield Branch Rail Road is now in operation. They have had one engine on the road, but it has broke and they are going to have another." Zadoc Long, the father, had reason to follow the progress of the enterprise more closely. He had sold his stock in the company during the previous summer, to be sure, but a man who sells at

a loss of forty seven and one half per cent is likely to watch the subsequent fortunes of his unhappy investment. In December he noted in his diary that the cost of the road when completed would not be less than $150,000 — which was $50,000 more than the estimate. But the worst omen appeared on January 8, 1850. "A great multitude assembled at the village to see the first train come in. A dinner prepared at this house for 100 invited guests from other towns. Owing to the snow drifting upon the track, the engine could not get through, — much to the great mortification and disappointment of the people of this place." Three days later "The cars with passengers came into the village for the first time." The later history of the Buckfield Branch Railroad is perhaps sufficiently disclosed here and there in John's diary.

Monday, March 4, 1850. — Pleasant weather. They have had a town meeting here to-day. They elected for Selectmen two temperance folks, Mr. Joshua Irish, Mr. Merritt Farrar, and one rummy, Mr. Hampden Hutchinson: for Town Clerk, a temperance man, Mr. Dastine Spaulding; for Town Treasurer, a rummy, Mr. Carlton Gardner.

Tuesday, March 5. — Very pleasant weather. We have got a canary bird here. It is Mr. William Robinson's. He will not sell it, but he lent it to us.

Thursday, March 7. — . . . There is trouble at Washington about the Slavery question. The southern members want slaves admitted into the new

territories, and threaten to dissolve the Union if Congress excludes Slavery from the new territories.

Sunday, *March* 10. — Snow Storm. . . . Mr. Webster has made a powerful Speech on the subject of Slavery, which is to reconcile both parties — and it is hoped that it will. The speech was made in the United States Senate.

Wednesday, *March* 13. — Pleasant day. Snow going off slowly. The Buckfield Rail Road is in operation and does well. . . . Father thinks Mr. Webster will be our next president on account of the speech that he (Mr. Webster) made on the slave question.

Sunday, *March* 17. — Snow Storm. Persis hung the cage up on the window yesterday, and this morning father went to open the window and knocked the cage down and liked to killed the bird. It is alive now, but we rather think it will die.

Monday, *March* 18. — Cloudy and Chilly. . . . The canary has not sung any to-day.

Wednesday, *March* 20. — Father and Mother went to Portland this morning and left Persis and me all alone. . . . The bird sings some to-day.

Friday, *March* 22. — Dr. Webster of Boston, a gentleman who is a distinguished man, is now having his trial for the supposed murder of Dr. Parkman, a wealthy man in Boston.

Thursday, *April* 19. — Dr. Webster is convicted for the murder of Dr. Parkman and the sentence is that he shall be hung. There is a petition for a pardon for him in New York, so the paper says.

Saturday, June 29. — . . . Father gives me .50 a week if I will write in my journal every day, and milk one cow and be a good boy, and mind him and mother to do all they shall require of me.

Sunday, June 30. — . . . We have got a new car on the Rail Road.

Saturday, July 20. — Rainy. Mr. Webster, the supposed murderer of Dr. Parkman is to be hung on the 30th of next month.

Saturday, August 3. — . . . The Cencus of the United States is being taken. It is probable the number of inhabitants will be about twenty millions.

After this fashion and with decidedly variable penmanship the journal was dragging along, when lo! like the inscription on the wall at Belshazzar's feast the well-formed handwriting of John's father swept across the page.

"John Davis, wake up! Perform your duties better. Let not your time be wasted and lost. *Consider.* Can these bright days and these rich opportunities of your boyhood return to you? If you do not improve them in acquiring knowledge and in fitting yourself for a useful and happy life, will it not cause you bitter remorse as long as you live? *Wake up*, I say. It is not yet too late. You gave sign in your infancy of a thirst for knowledge very gratifying to your friends. Resolve now with all your might that you will not disappoint them."

The diary continues much as before, to tell the truth, but occasional items are illuminating.

Monday, December 2. — . . . The Stock in the Buckfield Railway is worthless, and at the last auction a bid was not made upon it.

Tuesday, December 3. — . . . Congress met yesterday, and we expect the President's message every day. I hope that the people will not fuss any more about the slave question; for the people are talking about disunion, and I guess they have forgotten Washington's farewell address which was to stick to the Union and never dissolve it.

Tuesday, December 10. — Chilly and Cold weather. Jenny Ling [*sic*], the great singer of Sweden has been to America and is here now giving Concerts in the large cities with Mr. Barnum. Mr. Dodge gave $650 for the first ticket which was sold in Boston for her Concert, and it is supposed that she and Barnum will make a great deal of money. It is said that 30 babes were christened Jenny Lind in New York.

Friday, December 13. — Cool weather. Persis and Zadoc have gone to the Dancing School this evening. The Cars do not run on our Railway now because the other day the engine run off the track, and the people are quite disheartened. But father advises them to give town Scrip, that is to petition the Legislature to grant them authority to raise money enough to pay the Rail Road company's debts by issueing the town's bonds, payable in twenty years with interist at 6 per cent annually.

Saturday, December 28. — Zadoc and Persis did not go to Winchendon Monday on account of the

great snowstorm which began Monday morning and lasted till Tuesday evening. It was one of the greatest storms ever known this many years. The cars did not get through for three or four days, and we had to go without any mail.

Again the parental eye fell upon the page and was not pleased.

"John, the above is not so good penmanship as you have sometimes performed."

Meanwhile Johnny had resumed his studies at Hebron Academy, attending that institution of learning before the Buckfield schools opened for the winter term and after they closed in the spring. From his point of view it was quite a different place from the Hebron of June and July, 1849. In fact, "It is quite lively here, there is so many scholars, and I don't feel lonesome as I did before when I came here."

Tuesday, April 15, 1851. — A very hard rain storm and the grass begins to make its appearance. I shall have to declaim tomorrow if I am well. I have got almost through the first of Cicero's Orations and I think it is very hard.

Wednesday, April 16. — . . . I declaimed this afternoon, but was some afraid to speak. I write composition one week and declaim the next. It is harder to write a composition than to speak, I think.

Thursday, April 22. — . . . Jefferson Bridgham,

who recited in my class in Cicero has left the class, and Mr. Kitridge and myself are all that are left in the class; but I mean to stick to Cicero if *he* goes away.

Thursday, *May* 1. — . . . I am getting along in my Latin firstrate and I like it very much. When I first came here I could not parse Latin; but now I can parse very well, and I like to. I have got through two Orations of Cicero against Cataline except one lesson.

Wednesday, *May* 14. — Pleasant weather. There is not much going on now around here. I wrote a composition three weeks ago, which Mr. Humphrey handed to me this morning, and there were two mistakes — I left out an *a* and I mispelt a word. At the bottom of the composition was wrote, "First rate, John," by Mr. Humphrey.

Was it his father's exhortations or Mr. Humphrey's encouraging remarks that led John to write a long and careful entry on the following day?

Thursday, *May* 15. — Very pleasant weather. Mr. Small lectured about the city of Boston last evening. The water, he said, was brought from about 20 miles from the city, from a pond near the town of Framingham. He said the water was taken out of that pond by a very large aqueduct, which extended from the pond through the town of Newton to Brooklyn [*sic*] where it made a very large pond. The acqueduct was built of brick and large

enough for a man to walk in. From Brooklyn the water is taken into the city by two large iron pipes, one of which goes to a large stone building in the city and perfectly tight, which it fills with water for an emergency such as fire. The other pipe goes into the city, into every street. At the corner of the street there is a little granite block, which being taken off shows one of the branches of the great pipe, and if a little screw is touched, the water will spirt forth and water the street; and if a building gets a fire, by attaching the end of a hose to this pipe it can be used for engines. Any man in Boston can have a small pipe run into his cellar if he will pay for it; and he has to pay for the water he uses. The water Company have a little machine by which they can tell just how much water goes into any man's cellar. So the water works of Boston are a great advantage for washing, wetting the streets and putting out fires. The distance from Boston to Framingham is about 20 miles. The pond the water makes at Brooklyn covers about a dozen acres. The valley in which this pond is, rises on one side just right for such a pond, but the other side descends, so the people had to build a wall, which they did by laying large granite stones one above another on the bad side. These stones are made tight (so that the water cannot get through) by Cement.

Friday, May 16. — Very pleasant indeed. The pond that I wrote about yesterday I will [write] a little more about now. The bottom is all scraped clean so that the water which comes in is perfectly

clean. The whole cost more than $4,000,000, which is very expensive.

John's father appreciated the boy's precocity, but for him it meant increased responsibility. It is not surprising, therefore, that a few pages after his son's treatise on the Boston water works, we find Mr. Long's handwriting again.

"Go ahead, my son, in accumulating knowledge. Fit yourself to be useful. Make your foundation strong in the great principles of moral rectitude, taught in the Bible. Under all circumstances cleave to truth, justice, moderation, charity. Be prompt and punctual to redeem all your promises, and in the performance of all your duties. Guard, by all means now, while you are young and before bad habits become fixed upon you, against the evils that most easily beset you; — against idleness, procrastination, profanity, obscenity, vulgarity, slander, tattling, evil thinking, — against every wrong thought, and word, and act. With this foundation, no matter how high you build your superstructure. With this, I repeat, go ahead in acquiring useful knowledge to practical and noble purposes for your own and the advancement of the human race in virtue and happiness."

After this parental peroration anything John wrote at the age of thirteen must be an anticlimax. But there is one impromptu entry which indicates that whatever his boyhood faults may have been, he possessed at any rate the greatest of the virtues. In

the midst of some very unsightly blots we are informed: —

"All this ink along these pages was daubed on not by myself, but by a little boy who knew no better.

"J. D. Long"

III

HARVARD COLLEGE

One day during the spring of 1853 Johnny Long recorded in his journal that one of the masters at Hebron Academy assured him he could enter college in the autumn without difficulty. This pleased the fourteen-year old lad, of course, but did not convince him of the advantage of doing so at such a tender age. On the contrary he stated his intention to have another year of school, and devoted three quarters of a page to the reasons governing his decision — reasons which doubtless originated in the mind of his wise father. A year later would be early enough for him to make the transition from academy to college. Toward the end of June, however, his plans were suddenly altered, both as to time and as to place, for until then Bowdoin had been the college of his expectations.

Last Saturday a great change took place in my prospects of the future. There is a man who has lived here [Hebron] some time and now is in Boston, whose son is fitting for, and will enter, college this Fall at Harvard. He is about two years younger than myself; and his father, as he wants his son to be in his own family, has found him a house in the City of Cambridge, where he will be about to move

his family in the Fall, while he himself has already hired out as a clerk in Boston, that he may support his family. When Father came over here Saturday, this man, whose name is Donham, happened being at home and coming to Father, he told him, since he wanted a companion for his own son, how he wished him to send me with them to Harvard this Fall; that I might board in his own family, and be treated as a son, as cheap as he could, asking nothing more than the original cost; that the house was situate about ¾ of a mile from the Institution, thus giving us exercise in walking to and from the Colledge buildings. This occurrence struck father very favorably, and now I am advised to enter Harvard this Fall; and since such a fortunate opportunity is offered and I have father and many others advising me to such a course, I have nearly determined to do so.

Thereupon John Davis Long, whose lessons had always been mastered without effort, began to study intensively. Candidates for admission to Harvard College were examined at Commencement, which came in July, and just before the beginning of the academic year in September. John made up his mind to take the examinations in July — "thus giving to myself a rest of six long weeks" — and about the middle of that month he went forth to meet the enemy.

Boston, Saturday, July 16 [1853]. — We started

from Buckfield this morning and arrived here (Pearl Street House, where John Addison boards) about 2 o'clock, not having left the cars but to change from one railroad to another. I feel very cool about going to Cambridge on Monday. I fell in with two candidates in the cars, Charles Reynolds and Judge Mills' son, with one of whom (Reynolds) I was some acquainted before.

Sunday, July 17. — Warm and pleasant. Went about the city this morning with John and Nelson. . . . I went to church in the afternoon, after which I, with John, went to the Common and saw the Fountain at play.

Monday, July 18. — Pleasant. With John and Nelson at 5 o'clock this morning I went to Cambridge. We were all (about 90) ushered into University Hall. Then each was required to write down his own name and to give his letters of recommendation, after which we adjourned until 10 minutes of eight. When I went out I found that John had gone back, but Nelson [was] waiting for me. After he had found me some breakfast he went back to the city, leaving me alone — lonesome enough without any of my classmates, and no one with whom I could converse. So I wandered about till the bell rang. Then all being divided into three divisions, we were seperated. I, with the division in which I was, remained under one professor the first day.

The course of that day's examination was different from what I supposed it would be, for the

professor, having given us [a] lesson printed upon paper, distributed to each one pen, ink, and writing paper, with which we were to answer the printed questions. First came the translation of English sentences into Latin, which were upon the printed paper for us to write out in Latin upon the blank. Then Greek sentences in the same manner; after which Arithmetic, Algebra, Geometry, History, Geography, Greek Grammar, Latin Grammar — all to be worked out in the same manner. Having finished the last exercise, I shouldered my carpet-bag for Boston, and then ate my supper, having been ordered to be present the next morning at 7. In the evening I went upon the Common and heard the Band play.

Tuesday, July 19. — Pleasant. Got up early this morning and started for Cambridge. John went with me as far as the bridge. We were all brought together again and divided into 4 sections, being told that the examination would finish at 1 o'clock in the afternoon; then to assemble again and the result of each one's examination should be known.

I was first examined, with the others in my section, in Greek Poetry, and upon a part which I had not reviewed. Here I made my first and worst — not exactly failure, but — bad progress. In this department we were examined by a native Grecian, E. A. Sophocles, the author of Sophocles' *Greek Grammar*. Next in Cicero, in which I read as well as any in my class; then in Virgil, in which I both read and parsed very well; but as I had not at-

tended to scanning Greek, in that I was deficient; finally Greek Prose, in which I did well. So I finished my examination for Harvard College.

As soon as I was out, I with my carpet-bag started for Boston on foot (as I had done before in the morning, because no omnibus went so early, and none overtook me in my other journeys till I was most into Boston). Having wandered about the city till four, I took the omnibus and returned to Harvard. At the [appointed] time we were all collected in one room, in one adjoining which were the President and Fellows of Harvard. One by one we were called out, till my name was asked. Then the President gave me a certificate of admittance, with the following conditions: Gr. Poetry, Lat. Comp., Gr. Comp., Hist., Equa. in Alg., Geography and Latin Prosody. I stepped with a lighter step when I had the certificate in my pocket and rode to Boston.

Many years later he recorded an incident of that momentous day which should be included here.

I walked out from Boston in the morning to take my examination, it being the second day of the examination — that must have been in June, 1853. I stopped at a little apothecary store, a mile from the College, to get a glass of soda, which to me, a country boy, was as rare as an ice cream. I think the price was six cents. At any rate I presented a two-dollar bill and the apothecary rather gruffly

told me that he could n't change that, and intimated that I was imposing upon him. At least I thought so then, although very likely he may have been laughing in his sleeve at a little greenhorn. But I went away aggrieved and with the nicest sense of honor astir. Our examination was finished that day. I became acquainted with Joe May, then a boy a little older than myself. Returning to Boston in the afternoon, we took an omnibus or, as it was then called "The Hourly." I was prepared with my six cents, and when we reached the apothecary store, I begged the driver to give me time to run in and pay my debt. I paid it, feeling all the pride of a hero who had shown his fidelity to duty and his honorable discharge of a trust. I was troubled, however, with the feeling that the driver was impatiently waiting, and running to "The Hourly," which one entered by steps leading into the rear, I stumbled and sprawled in the muddy street and rose with my garments stained and discolored. The hero had met with a fall, and I was conscious as I entered "The Hourly" of looking dilapidated and crestfallen. I can look back over all the years . . . and feel a very lively sympathy for a little fellow under such pathetic circumstances.

But to return to the contemporary account:—

Wednesday, July 20. — The commencement at Harvard is to-day, but I shall not go out, as I have

had already enough of Cambridge to last me during vacation. Some of the older scholars said it was the most severe examination they had known. This was because they got so poor a class last year and wish this to be more able to pursue their studies. There were about 90 candidates. How many entered I did not stop to know.

I went with Cousin George in the evening and took tea with the young lady whom he is about to marry. We then went upon the Common, where the band was playing. Afterward we went to hear the Minstrels in the Museum. When I returned to the Pearl Street House the barkeeper told me that someone had called for me, and from his description I think it was Cousin Wayland who that day was about to come to Commencement at Harvard. Thus I did not see him. He is now a Sophomore in Brown University.

After five or six weeks in Buckfield, Johnny, not yet fifteen years old but more solemn than he was likely to be at fifty, returned to Cambridge to begin his freshman year. Like many a first-year student, before his time and since, he came up a day or two early in order to remove his entrance conditions.

Boston, Monday, Aug. 29. — With father I came here to-day and left my home and friends for a colledge life. I had [borne] the thought of my departure very well, till my mother last night kissed me at my bed as she used to.

Tuesday, Aug. 30. — Pleasant. I went out with Mr. Donham to his house in Cambridgeport and spent last night with his family. He has hired a house about a mile from the college buildings. I have a large room and comfortable. I came into Boston in the forenoon and met father and Persis who will go out to Cambridgeport in the afternoon. He had bought me three books, namely: *Greek and Roman Antiquities*, *Classical Dictionary*, and Todd's *Student's Manual* — the last [of] which Mr. Small [the minister in Buckfield] desired to be given me as a present from him.

Wednesday, Aug. 31. — Pleasant. Father and Persis went to Cambridgeport yesterday afternoon. They liked the house very well. Father went to see Mr. Walker, the president, and had a long talk with him. He is a very pleasant man.

The next day was devoted to examinations in his many conditioned subjects. His father departed for Maine on Friday.

Saturday, Sept. 3. — The result of my examinations on conditions was that I was admitted free from all excepting Latin Comp., about which I think there must be some mistake. At any rate I shall see about [it] next Monday. I will begin recitations on Monday in Latin (Lincoln's *Livy*), Greek (Felton's *Selections from the Greek Historians*), and Mathematics (Davies' *Legendre*). One day I shall recite in Math.; the next in *Evidences of*

Religion to the President. Saturdays we have but one recitation. I am not yet fairly settled as I soon hope to be.

Tuesday, Sept. 6. — I have now commenced studying and reciting my lessons. Greek, in the morning, to Mr. Hooper, a very pleasant man — one whom I like thus far, since he does not appear too sour and cross, but pleasant and willing to aid one, and not seeming to take delight in wounding the feelings of any of his pupils. He looks like more than a mere professor of Greek and not as if that was the only thing in which he was well posted up, but as a man of common sense, general knowledge, and good understanding of anything to which he might at any time apply his mind.

We also recite in Math. to Mr. Choate, whose appearance I like very well. Though young, he too looks as if he could extend his mind beyond the limit of Geometry. We have lessons in Latin to Mr. Chase, whose appearance is not quite so pleasant as those of the other gentlemen, yet I have not as yet seen anything out of the way with him.

Thursday, 8th Sept. — Warm and pleasant. I received another letter from father this morning. I am glad to hear from them. The water that we have here is very poor indeed, warm and insipid, and I had as lief go without as to drink it. Thus I have to go without water, drinking tea and coffee — breaking the good resolutions I have formed. There is good water at the Colleges, and always when there I drink.

The next day's entry is a bit conscious, but decidedly significant.

Still warm and pleasant. Passing by, on my way to the colleges, the front yards of some wealthy persons of Cambridgeport, I see the cocks of hay — a second crop — and I smell the new-mown hay. It put me in mind of my home in the country, far away in Maine, a little village among the hills and mountains, with its brooks and river flowing instead of the salt water standing still; with its hills and valleys and rugged mountains instead of the same continual, monotonous, even plain. Very likely Father is now beginning to mow his second crop, and to rake and pitch and work it over. Last year, I think it was, we lugged or poled it in the barn, one cock to [a] time, tugging and lifting, it sometimes falling off. Perhaps now Zadoc helps him and father scolds him, since he tries to lift too much and work too hard and quick. I have seen nothing so pleasant, and nothing which I love to stay near by so long, since I have been from home, as that new mown hay.

Equally significant are Saturday's few lines.

We have but one recitation this morning, after which I am going into Boston. It seems almost like going home to Buckfield from Hebron Academy. Mother told Father, while he was writing me, to "Tell Johnny that I am in the milk closet, mixing

flapjacks." I have seen her there many times and I know just how she looked and smiled when she said it. I won't forget anything she says yet a while, but I will remember.

During the following week he had other worries in addition to homesickness.

Sunday, Sept. 11. — Pleasant, yet somewhat cold. I have written home six long pages, and last night four to Julia. I mean they shall hear enough of me, though I do not of them. This morning I was mistaken in the time and did not get to the chapel till the services had begun, so I did not go in, for it is against the laws of the Institution to enter after the services have commenced, and also not to go at all is against them. So I shall very likely be marked in the first of my course. I don't [care] so much, for my intentions were good, and 't was from no desire to shirk from my duty — from which, if from everything else, I do not mean to depart. Yet it is some disgrace to me, and I should rather [have] been in season. Yet 't was no fault of mine, nor does my conscience trouble me for it; but my wish is to be prompt and punctual.

Monday, Sept. 12. — Morning very cold, but towards the middle of the day warmer. These changes in the atmosphere are what makes us from the country have such colds. . . . I saw the tutor in Greek this morning, who told me that my absence from church was a serious affair and that I

must send a petition to the Faculty for an excuse, which I shall do.

Sept. 13. — I wrote a petition to the Faculty yesterday for an excuse on account of my not being present at prayers Sunday, as follows: —

CAMBRIDGEPORT, *Sept.* 12, 1853

Boarding at some distance from the Colleges and in Cambridgeport, also, yesterday morning being mistaken in regard to the time, I was too late, and the services had already commenced when I arrived there. In the afternoon I was present. Therefore, since 't was not intentional, and I had no desire to break the laws of the Institution, to whose laws I had acknowledged myself subject, I petition you that you will excuse me from this unintentional act of misdemeanor. Yet if unpardonable, I am willing to suffer a proportionate punishment.

JOHN DAVIS LONG

My Guardian, Mr. Gross, is in Boston, as is also Mr. Donham, with whom I board. Therefore, I cannot get either of them to sign this petition, so as to hand it in to-day. Mrs. Donham will, then, sign it. And if this is not sufficient testimony, if it shall please the Faculty to give me time, that which is sufficient shall be given.

JOHN DAVIS LONG

(*Mrs. Donham wrote*) The above is true.

MRS. LEONARD DONHAM

How my petition will succeed, I don't know yet. The Faculty have their meetings every Monday evening, and last night, no doubt, they decided whether I should be excused. 'T would be no cause of pain or grief to me if I am not, for I know my intentions were good, and that I did not disobey their laws wilfully or intentionally. However, they

will do as they think best and no doubt will give me justice as fast as they can see that I was [not] meaningly disobedient. They cannot do more than mark me for it, though I should rather not have that.

Apparently John heard nothing more of the matter until two weeks later.

Yesterday, when we were reciting in Paley's *Evidences*, the President desired that Long should stop. Long did so. He told [me] that he had received a letter from my father saying something about my being absent from church, and when I told him the circumstances he said he had no doubt but that I was excused. He asked me too if I was homesick, and about my studies, and the distance from the house to the College. He was very sociable and pleasant to me.

There are indications, however, that some of the country boy's classmates were not so "sociable and pleasant."

Friday, Sept. 16. — We always, when we meet with new characters, form first impressions so-called of each one. So I find in my class. Some I see whom I think favourably of at first sight; others I dislike — all this perhaps from their looks. We are divided into three divisions. I am in the second. With this only am I yet particularly acquainted. Now here I see many characters, all

different. There is one whose name is M——, of whom my first impressions are unfavourable. He seems to have a small mind, to be one that would laugh at his schoolmate if a mistake is made, while if he were in the same condition he would not wish to be so treated. Another, Mr. J——, seems to be self-conceited. Has a peculiar smile when another is reading wrong, as if, were it in his own hands, he could himself perform the task easily. These my first impressions the [future] will prove true. Neither of these persons will be distinguished as noble men. The rest are more congenial.

The scornful city boys would have been still more amused if they had read the daily programme which Long inscribed in his journal.

ORDER OF EXERCISES FOR FIRST TERM OF 1853

HARVARD COLLEDGE A.M. AND P.M.

5	Dress and wash		5 1/2
5 1/2	Study	Lincoln's *Livy*	6
6	Eat	Breakfast	6 1/4
6 1/4	Study	Lincoln's *Livy*	7 1/3
7 1/3	Review	Greek Selections	7 2/3
7 2/3	Walk	To the Colleges	8
8	Recitation	Greek Selections	9
9	Walk	To the boarding place	9 1/3
9 1/3	Write	Journal, Letters, and Essays	11
11	Review	Geometry or Paley	11 2/3
11 2/3	Walk	To the Colleges	12
12	Recitation	Geometry or Paley	1
1	Walk	To the boarding place	1 1/3
1 1/3	Eat	Dinner	1 7/12

1 7/12	Study	Greek Selections	3 1/2
3 1/2	Read		4 1/3
4 1/3	Review	Lincoln's *Livy*	4 2/3
4 2/3	Walk	To the Colleges	5
5	Recitation	Lincoln's *Livy*	6
6	Prayers		6 1/6
6 1/6	Walk	To the boarding place	6 5/12
6 5/12	Eat	Supper	6 2/3
6 2/3	Study	Geometry or Paley	8
8	Read		8 11/12
8 11/12	Undress		9
9	Sleep		5

Mondays, Tuesdays, Wednesdays, Thursdays, and Fridays.

Saturdays, after morning recitation (only one) go into Boston. Stay till night; come home; evening, read.

Sundays. Attend church all day. Before services and between them, write. After, and in the evening, read.

This unenlivened routine ought to have produced nostalgia, if anything could do so. Doubtless it had that effect, but John's head and not his heart prevailed.

September 19. — Zadoc will perhaps be over here to-night. He is just at this time with Uncle Loring in the cars between Portland and Boston. Three weeks ago to-day I with Father had started for Boston. Mother and Zadoc came to the Depot with [us]. Some of my other friends were there. I remember it well, how I shook hands and bid farewell to Mother. Now Zadoc comes, but he goes back to our *home*. I do not. So much is the difference. Last fall he came to Boston to stay. Had a good situation as a clerk in J. N. Denison's store.

He might, if he had staid, now have the situation of head clerk and an increased salary. But he was homesick, gave it up, and went home. I am grateful that I am not yet so lonesome as to wish to give up all the bright prospects before me for the sake of having more enjoyment at home than here — that is, a permanent pleasure for one transitory.

The young student seems to have read more than undergraduates read to-day. Certainly he read more critically.

I am now reading Cooper's *Naval History*, which I find very interesting. Yet in the first struggles of this country, I find that although the American ships were as often victorious as their enemies, yet when they terminate these struggles, the navy does not seem to be as large as when they began them. But though no immediate advantage might have resulted, yet it served to train the Americans, and to show that one day they would be respected on every sea, and that an English ship was not invincible, nor its broadsides not to be equalled. I like the style of Cooper, for though sometimes prosy yet generally he is very bold, strong, and forcible. . . .

I am reading the *Life of Patrick Henry*, by William Wirt, in which I am much interested, though now since I know more particularly about him, my estimation of him is not so great as it was before, when I only knew of him by common reports. However, I admire him. . . .

I do not go to Boston to-day, but read, and think, and write at home. I am reading Irving's *Astoria* — name of a settlement of a Fur Company at the head of which was the late John Jacob Astor of New York, and called from him Astoria. Quite interesting. Irving seems to love hard words and long, unusual ones, as if he would show he knew more of the English language than many other [writers] and it pleased him if his readers should be compelled to open the big Dictionary frequently, while poring over his volumes. Probably, though, I get this idea from my own ignorance of our language, and not from his pomposity.

After perusing a history of the navy, Long not unnaturally found his way to the nearest navy yard.

I went over to Charlestown Navy Yard yesterday [and] saw many cannon and balls, and some big men of war — one over 100 guns. There was a ship, which had been built at East Boston, to have her masts put in. She measured 4,000 tons and is the biggest ship in the world. Her builder, Mr. McKee or McKey [1] — an Irishman — began shipbuilding very poor, but has kept on until now he has built and does own the largest ship in the world. I was pleased with the Yard.

Many of the entries during this first term at

[1] Donald McKay. The ship described was the Great Republic. As a matter of fact McKay was a Nova Scotian of Scots ancestry.

college are sentimental, as might be expected considering the boy's age, but occasional passages suggest unusual power of observation.

Mr. Hooper, tutor in Greek, makes our recitations very interesting. I like him very much. He is a fine-looking man, and his head is so big it inclines to one side — so heavy, I suppose, that he cannot hold it erect. . . . I do well also in Paley's *Evidences of Religion*, which last study we recite to the President, whom I like better than any other one connected with the Institution. He is a good and kind man. . . .

In the forenoon the usual minister preached. In the afternoon, one whom I should take from his manner of speaking, or rather articulation, to be an Irishman. The sermon was a funny one. It seemed to have no head or tail. There was no argument as I could see nor any conclusion to which he arrived. Though Irishmen may be generally quick and bright, this one showed no alarming powers of intellect. . . .

I have attended church all day. Mr. Walker preached for the first time this term. His gestures are awkward and very uneasy. . . .

Edward Everett (as it is reported) was one of the Committee which examined us in Greek. I like his looks. His head looks very much like Webster's, though not quite so massive.

But John Long was not the only one who ob-

served, although he seems to have done so more accurately than some of his elders.

October 24. — This morning I was summoned into the presence of Mr. Choate. He told me that some of the officers had complained about my lounging and leaning in the chapel during the exercises on the Sabbath; but I think he must be mistaken, for a fellow who sits beside me often goes to sleep, and it may [be] that my name has been confounded with his.

Not many weeks passed before the Faculty had more serious offenses to deal with.

Little is expelled, as I understand, from incapability to make [up] omitted recitations and conditions. . . . A Senior was suspended for getting drunk and doing some considerable damage to a Freshman's room, and committing other mischievous acts.

Tuesday, *April* 25, 1854. — Last Friday evening about 25 students fought with as many, or more, firemen. There were some pistols and knives. Some of the firemen were very seriously injured. The students were unharmed. Last night somebody found their way into the chapel, and having carried away the cushions that belonged to the seats of the Freshmen, painted them with green paint. This will hinder prayers for a short period — probably what it was done for. Bold attempt.

In fact 1854 seems to have been a year of lawlessness throughout the country.

May 11. — In Kentucky a man whose name was Butler, and who had been a tutor in the private family of [the] Wards for some years, had seperated from them and was teaching a private school, at which attended one of this Ward family, which was very aristocratic and wealthy, whom Butler had occasion to punish, and whipped him with a strap; upon which the boy returned and told his mother the circumstances, who called the eldest son, who went accompanied by one of his brothers to Butler's school; and after some words had passed, he shot the teacher with a pistol, and being tried for his life, all the most influential and powerful lawyers such as Crittenden and Marshall joined in his cause, and he was acquitted (a most unjust proceeding); upon which decision, mobs, in which many respectable men of the state are engaged, have arisen and called upon Crittenden, who volunteered his services to Ward, to resign his office [of] U. S. Senator, and have in some degree injured the house of the murderer's family, which has removed to some secret place of safety.

In Boston and vicinity there is a person who styles himself the Angel Gabriel and is preaching some Millerish doctrine. He also influences the minds of low Protestants against the Irish Catholics. This exasperates the latter. Some brawls have already taken place. The cross has been torn

from one Roman Catholic church. It is not right. It is not what our ancestors sought this savage land for. It is not what our ancestors shed their blood for. It is not in accordance with the laws and institutions of this free country. In it all religions are tolerated. Each man may worship God as he wishes. Or he may worship none at all. I hope a stop will be put to this fool's preaching, if such results attend it.

May 27. — A fugitive slave has been, and now is, under trial for running away from his master. A mob collected last night for the purpose of rescuing him, and broke into the Court House. But there were a strong band of police, one of whom was killed. No one else injured. Stones and other missiles were thrown and there was much confusion, but the slave was not rescued. Such men as Theodore Parker, and others like him, had been haranguing the people, and should have been in better business; for though I pity this poor negro from the bottom of my heart, and wish for my country's honor he and every one of his race were free; still, if it be a law that he be returned, then return him; and if the law is wrong — as it is — let men assemble their representatives and repeal [it]. But if they cannot do this, let the majority be rulers; for majority must have the power or the Constitution of these United States must be changed.

May 30. — . . . I saw in Boston the soldiers guarding the court house where Anthony Burns is being tried for his liberty.

June 3. — . . . I see that yesterday the black man, Anthony Burns, was carried away, guarded by a large crowd of soldiers and U. S. troops and officials. It was right to send him back because it was according to law.

This was the year in which the Kansas-Nebraska Act was passed and the Republican party born. John's views on the question of the day probably reflected the editorials he read. But must this remarkable prediction be attributed to that source?

May 29. — The Nebraska, or, as Mrs. Partington says, "the New-Basker," Bill, only awaits the signature of the President to be in force, having passed the House of Representatives and the Senate. This will probably be the means of confusing the present parties in the nation and forming new ones which shall be for freedom or slavery.

Even Buckfield had more than its customary amount of excitement this spring, although not in the field of politics.

They had a fire Sunday morning. Bridgham's tavern, with the store, and barn, and outbuildings were entirely consumed. Luckily it was so calm the fire crossed neither the water nor the street. No great injury done to any persons. Part of the furniture saved. $4,000 lost. Men and women

worked like good ones. It was so hot, cold water had to be poured upon men in the street. Vernon Cole, upon the top of his cabinet shop, came near destruction, just falling off the roof of the house when a nail caught him and saved him. On the roofs, the glare of the fire showed men at work. There were no engines, and immediate exertions were necessary to save the village. The women worked admirably.

The academic calendar included two long vacations of approximately six weeks each: one in midwinter, the other in midsummer. To John Long these recesses meant Buckfield and reunion with his family — the acme of happiness. The prospect of them restored his hungry soul. The realization was blissful, but fugitive. All too soon came the inevitable return to Cambridge, followed by retrospection that filled him with ghastly homesickness. He tried to reason himself out of these spiritual abysses, but reason had little effect. Only determination carried him through. Some, though not all, of this suffering could have been avoided if he had roomed at the College; for, though he was younger than many of his classmates, a boy with his affectionate and social nature soon would have found his niche in undergraduate life. John knew this, and at the end of his freshman year persuaded his father to allow him to engage a room in Stoughton Hall (No. 24) for the next term. This arrangement filled the boy's heart with joy, or at any rate

with the nearest approach to joy that could be had so far from Buckfield.

Evidently his father had misgivings about the proposed change from boarding-house to dormitory, for when the time to return to Cambridge drew near, he filled two pages of John's diary with parental admonitions. Among others was this: —

"NOTA BENE. — Command yourself. Keep cool. 'He that ruleth his spirit is better than he that taketh a city.' Walk in the light of your conscience, guided by *Reason* and not by *Passion*. Slow to anger, sure that your course is just, your motive upright, going ahead with energy, cheerfulness, and alacrity."

Better advice no Sophomore ever received. Full soon John was to learn the difficulty of ruling his spirit.

Cambridge, *Saturday*, *September* 2. — Rain continues during the morning. I left E. Boston and now have a big room at College to myself, for L—— [his room-mate] is not here. There is not a thing in it but my valise. My trunk, box, furniture, and everything else are scattered round, but I expect them all to-night.

Sunday, *September* 3. — Pleasant beautiful day. Some of my furniture came last night, but not my trunk. I sat up till about 11 o'clock nailing my carpet and making my bed in the dark almost, for an old lamp that I borrowed would scarcely burn or give any light. I am now writing with an old

quill that I found in my room, which looks quite comfortable, and I feel very well and when I have got all my affairs arranged and myself settled to the business and labor of the term, I shall be very happy and well satisfied.

Monday, Sept. 4. — Very pleasant, beautiful day. Commenced fairly to study this morning. But in my room I am not yet fairly settled. I am not sure that L—— will room with me. All things are in a confused and disarranged state.

Saturday, Sept. 9. — An unpleasant, rainy day. . . . The first week of my Sophomore [year] has passed away well and honorably. But I am not yet even settled in my affairs. When L—— returned to Cambridge, he had determined not to spend his whole time at the College buildings, but only to have a day-room there; so that although I had been to all the trouble of furnishing a room he was unwilling to bear manfully half of the expense — for his father is a wealthy man. Though he saw me badly situated, he still refused to help me to any extent. My last chance, then, was either to sell the room or bear myself the expense of furnishing it, and probably of its fuel.

All the students had obtained rooms, yet I heard of two Juniors who were desirous of procuring one. I offered to them my share of the room, on condition that they would buy of me my furniture. L—— not only asked money for his, but refused to sell at all unless I would agree to room with him (it had been my intention to return to Mr. Don-

ham's) at Dr. Wright's in Cambridgeport — but a few rods from Mr. D.'s. It is a nice place, better than my old one, and I like the family. It will be pleasant, and as it will cost but little more than at Mr. D.'s I consider I have got out of the scrape well. I said it would be pleasant. It would, but for L——. He has deceived and disappointed and wronged me. I will never forget or forgive it in him. After this term I shall be free from him and will *ever* keep so most assuredly. I think him mean and dishonorable in his treatment of me, and in the future walks of life I shall always fear and distrust [him], however bright a glare he may spread in the faces of others. My classmates who know the affair unite in blaming him for his miserly conduct.

In gloomy Cambridgeport he battled with homesickness for two more years. His journal is permeated with it, but one passage is more significant than the rest.

When I am old, I shall not, like most people, look back upon my college with feelings of great joy. My college life, unlike the generality, is not very pleasant. One reason is that in my disposition, being some like my father, I cannot be very happy in any foreign situation. I look continually at the dark and not the bright side of the picture. And again, I am differently placed *here* than if I had entered a college in Maine. I do not go in such rich style as some (nor yet by all that 's great and

good do I wish to), and I came here alone, acquainted with no one; and since here have formed no intimate companionships which reflect so much happiness on the course of so many others. Finally, I board at such a distance from the colleges that I could scarce form acquaintances even if I wished to do so very much. So, not associating with my class, leading a lone, unhappy life, I live. I may study and excel thus, and be the admiration of my fellows, if not their close friend. I mean — some day to come.

IV

SENIOR YEAR

In the autumn of 1856 Harvard College assumed a much more cheerful aspect from the point of view of John Long. In the first place he was at last actually rooming in a college dormitory. Furthermore, in spite of the social handicap which his previous lodging-place had imposed, Long had been discovered and sought by a certain group of undergraduates. These were the members of a secret society called the D.K.E. Nowadays election to the D.K.E. at Harvard means for the most part social recognition and encouragement to aspire to smaller and more homogeneous clubs. In the fifties, curiously enough, its significance was quite the reverse. The D.K.E. of that time seems to have been a literary debating society, pure and simple, and Long was elected a member of it because of his superiority in public speaking. Crude though his fortnightly declamations at Hebron Academy must have been, they had at least served to make him at home upon the platform. Consequently, toward the end of his sophomore year at Harvard, he was able to confide the following report to his journal.

This day, let it be memorable among all other college days, for it has witnessed my début as an

elocutionist. Before the Instructor in Declamation I roared forth the Devil's address to the Sun, making the very walls ring with the echo of my voice. Yes, I made a beginning in this important pursuit, a respectable beginning, too. But few excelled me. As for fear or want of confidence, why I find that since leaving Hebron Academy I have grown to be too much of a man to fear aught that a room filled with green, gauking Sophomores, as ridiculous as myself, could contain. I felt no fear. My only fault was the too great rapidity with which I spoke and which spoiled the whole, a fault owing to the want of training and practice, things which I have [been] so circumstanced as never to receive. Next time, with the experience of to-day, and they shall find in the Maine boy — ay! the wild Oxford County boy — no contemptible elocutionist.

Apparently he was right, for his election to the D.K.E., the first recognition he received from his contemporaries, followed soon after. In the autumn of 1855, which was the beginning of his junior year, Long was appointed one of the debaters at the next meeting of the society. His performance was a disappointment to himself, but the cause of that disappointment was really a token of strength rather than of weakness.

Last night I attended a meeting of our Society, the D.K.E., and spoke on a debate. From various reasons my portion of the argument was not satis-

factory (at least, so I should judge). But this, I think, was owing not to want of merit but to surrounding circumstances. I was obliged by the By-Laws to read my argument, whereas I expected to speak extemporaneously; so that what I had written merely to help me in my course I was obliged to read — deficient as it was — and so many good arguments of mine were obscured and hidden.

Not many weeks later he was elected corresponding secretary of the society, which he considered "the best office in the whole number, as I am thus brought into direct communication with societies all over the U. S." At the end of his junior year Long was president of the D.K.E. Meanwhile the Faculty, too, were impressed with his oratory; at one time more so, perhaps, than John Long himself desired. He was scheduled to speak at the college Exhibition which occurred on the sixth of May. In the middle of April, however, he came down with measles and was a pretty sick boy for three weeks. On the fifth of May he emerged, but in so wobbly a condition that he did not intend to resume his studies for two or three days. Taking part in the Exhibition, of course, seemed out of the question.

Tuesday, May 6 [1856]. — A most delightful day. I called upon the President yesterday afternoon, who sent me to the Professor of Elocution, thinking he would excuse me on account of my illness from taking part in the Exhibition. No doubt he would

have done so, had I pressed the matter, but when he wished me to try to refresh my memory and to attempt it, I told him I would. So I did. I committed it more fully last evening, rehearsed it to him in his room. This morning I went to East Boston for my clothes . . . and Father came back with me to Cambridge. He feared my ability to speak, and advised me not to do so. But I persisted, told him I could estimate my own strength, and rehearsed it at 9½. I guess Father trembled some for the result when he heard my name called. But though my preparations had been made at short notice, and I had not even rehearsed my piece in the place where I spoke, as the others had, yet I was perfectly cool and went through my performance to the satisfaction of Father; and that was all I wished.

The amount of pluck and determination which this feat required may be guessed from the entry of two days later.

My legs are still so weak that I am obliged to walk very slowly. I feel like a worn-out horse!

All these incidents contributed to the social establishment of young Long, and so it came about that, when he moved into 22 Massachusetts Hall, in August 1856, he was in a fair way to enjoy his final year at Harvard, although leaving his family and Buckfield was still a painful ordeal.

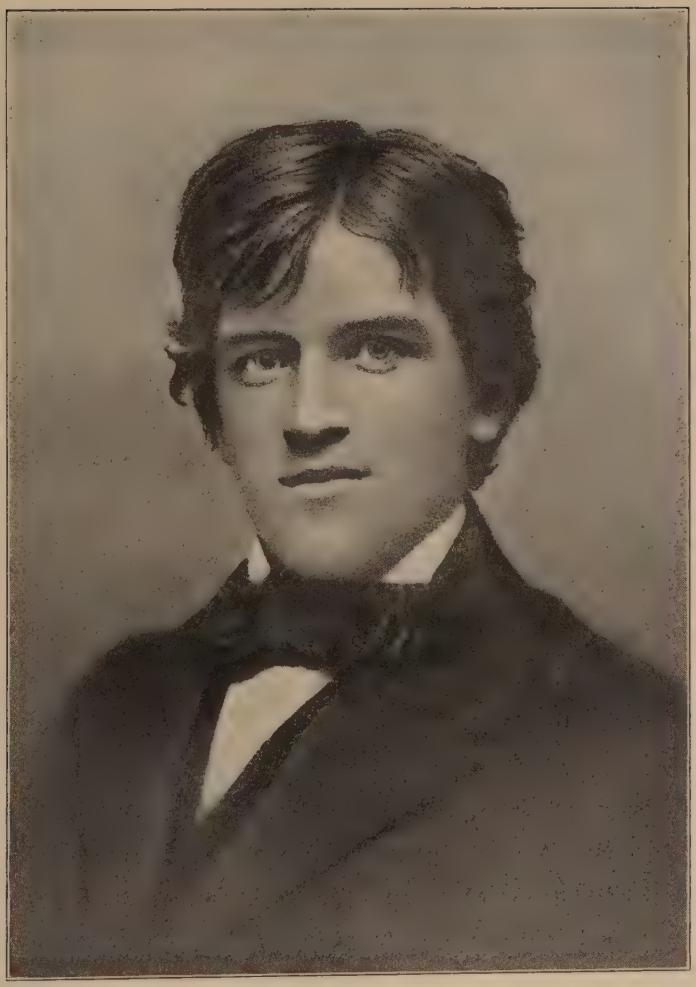
Cambridge, Friday, Aug. 29. — As I look back upon what I last wrote in my journal, and think of the little room in which I sat, late in the evening just before going to bed, I cannot but think of the change that has occurred in my situation within twenty-four hours. The rain is patting loudly on the ground; the evening is dark; the bell has rung for nine o'clock. Let me begin at the beginning of my history for the last two days and "finish up as I go along." Yesterday was a beautiful day. Buckfield never looked lovelier. It seemed to have a double charm for me. I could not look enough at its rough hills and fertile plains. Every object was impressed with the sad expression — "good-bye." . . . This morning I came into my new room in the College Buildings, Mass. 22, and found my furniture safely here. With the exception of one recitation I have spent the day in preparing my room. And now it is done. My bed is up, my curtains, and my mirror. The bureau drawers are filled with my shirts and collars. My trunks are unpacked and my student life again renewed. The clock strikes ten. The rain still falls. Dark and gloomy. I feel very well contented, however. I must retire to bed. I am sitting up too late for early rising in the morning.

Monday, September 1. — I witnessed the annual game of football between the Sophomores and Freshmen this evening. It was an exciting and hotly contested battle. It seemed almost frightful to see the two sides — two crowds — rushing so

fiercely together and fighting, wrestling, and struggling like wild men. Bruised shins, bloody noses, and sore faces were the order of the day.

September 10. — I have just attended a meeting called for the purpose of giving substantial aid to Kansas. I heard the celebrated lecturer and peculiar philosopher, Ralph Waldo Emerson, but his speech was very poor, dry, and uninteresting. I asked why a man so famous should do so poorly, and I was told that he was not at home upon the stand, and that his forte was in the delivery of carefully written and well-prepared lectures. The speaking was no better than would have been that of a meeting called in Buckfield.

September 17. — This has been a holiday, on which has taken place the inauguration of a statue of Franklin in School Street, and the consequent celebration by the tolling of bells, firing of cannon, and a procession of some miles in length. The students of Harvard were invited to join the Sixth Division, which consisted of the various literary associations about the vicinity. We students, preceded by the Nashua Band, arrived on the Common at about 10½ o'clock, where we waited our turn to fall into the general procession. But as there were 5 divisions before us and many delays took place, we were obliged to wait nearly two hours, our backs all the while growing lame and weak with long standing. The only object to take up our attention was the presence of two very pretty little girls, perhaps 13 years old, who gazed



JOHN D. LONG WHEN A SENIOR AT HARVARD

at us and approached our ranks, bowing and smiling as if they would like a closer acquaintance with some of us. How it pleases such little ones to be noticed and fluttered with attention.

At last the time came to fall into line and march. I was glad of a relief from standing so long. But the march was not much pleasanter. Crowded by one another in front and from behind, crowded by the dense mass of spectators on either side, stifled by the dust, and lamed by the rough pavement-stones, our journey was none of the pleasantest. Then we were obliged to cheer every bunch of ladies that attracted our attention, which kept us cheering almost the whole distance. I saw Zadoc once among the crowd. At last, after marching through numberless streets, I don't know how many miles, we retired to Pemberton Square and disbanded. Did I ever feel more used up! It was nearly four o'clock, no dinner, my feet sore, my back lame. I looked in vain among the streets for Zadoc or Newt or some friend. But in vain. I went to the Common with no better success — though I saw there the two pretty little girls. So finding none who know [me], and satisfied with the events of the day, I have come back to Cambridge, eaten my supper, lighted my room, studied and written, and am now ready to go to bed at 9 o'clock, to the sound of the bells that are ringing for fire. I am so tired I don't know when I shall wake up.

Since the beginning of his sophomore year John

had spent his Sundays in East Boston, where his sister Persis, now Mrs. Percival Bartlett, made her home. Upon this day or two of domestic life he was very dependent, and likewise he enjoyed singing in the choir of the church he attended there. His good bass had been trained only in the singing-school at Buckfield, but he took great delight in singing and doubtless gave considerable pleasure to others when he did so. His brother Zadoc, once more seeking his fortune in Boston, also spent his week-ends at Mrs. Bartlett's, and he too sang in the choir. These family reunions and tuneful Sabbath mornings were to John the greatest attractions the city afforded. Other attractions there were, however, that contributed to the cheerfulness of his senior year.

September 22. — I have been this evening attending a rehearsal of our Glee Club. It consists of some twenty members, and judging from this our first meeting we shall be very likely to make fine music.

Monday, *October* 6. — Pleasant. Noisy students passing by, singing their drinking songs. Now they are in the entry. Have attended this evening a rehearsal of our singing club. It was expected that the Orpheus Club would be out this evening. An entertainment was provided in the shape of lagar beer, bread and cheese. But they have not come. The Faculty also put a veto on most of the proceedings, obliging some of the fellows to extinguish the illuminations they had attempted to institute. I

have drunk so much lager Bier that I am bumfuzzled.

Thursday, October 9. — Most delightful summer-like weather. Nearly 1 o'clock at night. Have been attending a social gathering at which the Orpheus Club entertained us with most delightful songs — and where we drank Lager Bier, eat cheese and bread, *etc., etc.*

Tuesday, October 14. — The winds have been keen and frosty all day, and for the first time I have had a pleasant fire in my grate. I burn coal, which indeed does not make so agreeable a fire as wood, but still it seems as if I never saw my room look pleasanter than it has this evening.

Friday, October 17. — After 12 o'clock. Have just returned from the Boston Theatre which I attended with Hood. Miss Davenport was the principal actress, and I was very much pleased with her performances. . . . I can't stop to write the pleasure I received from the whole affair.

Monday, October 20. — No labor to-morrow. It is Exhibition Day. Am glad I've nothing to do.

Tuesday, October 21. — A charming day. Bed-time is come and I hasten to observe it. The holiday is over. The Exhibition with its music, its performances, its bright array of fair and beautiful women, its shouts, its clapping, its fine appearance and new clothes, its "spreads," and its *drunks* and dissipation is gone, and to-morrow begins again the tedious labor.

Friday, October 24. — Heard a fine lecture from

Mr. Lowell, Professor of Belles Lettres. Have just returned from a party at Professor Huntingdon's. Met some young ladies and gentlemen of the aristocracy. Not so sociable, nor so easy of acquaintance as less noble society.

Saturday, November 29. — Tuesday, after the recitations, the "Young America Troupe," consisting of Miles from Boston, as pianist, and 8 students, of whom I was one, set out for Lexington to give the inhabitants of that town and vicinity a "grand concert." We had posted our bills some days since and were in high hopes of a full house, a good time, and a fine supper from the proceeds. But alack-a-day. Before night, the clouds had gathered in the sky and even the starlight was put out. The hour arrived. Not more than 50 had entered the hall and our ardor was somewhat damped. Still the excitement of our novel position made our performances pass off very well. As it turned out, however, our proceeds were only sufficient to pay the printer and the owner of the hall. The lodging and the meals were so much loss.

Tuesday, April 7, 1857. — A beautiful day. A beautiful evening. Nothing of importance occurring. Played ball this afternoon — the first time for many years. Was elected this evening into the Phi Beta Kappa. Feel quite pleased, *etc.*

Monday, April 13. — Have just returned from [the] Boston Museum. Was there on Saturday. Am much pleased with Miss Logan.

Wednesday, April 15. — Have heard *Macbeth*

read this evening by Mrs. Fanny Kemble. Can't describe the power and strength and beauty and faithfulness of her intonation.

Friday, April 17. — Spent Fast Day in the city and at East Boston. Attended theatre in the evening and had a good time generally.

Monday, April 27. — Attended on last Friday evening a Phi Beta Kappa supper, and as I did not return till after two in the morning did not stop to write in my journal.

Friday, May 1. — A beautiful May Day. A starlit evening, but cold as Jupiter. Father came to see me to-day. He called on the President, who gave him a good account of me — said Prof. Bowen considered me the best metaphysician in his department, and that last term I had one more marks than the 1st scholar in the class, or that indeed *was* the first scholar for that term. Played ball to-day and raced for exercise. Called last evening on Prof. Lowell, whom I found to be a very interesting and pleasing man in conversation.

Tuesday, May 5. — Spoke to-day at Exhibition. I judge from the tone the students assume that my performance was the best of the day. Find it complimented as such in this evening's *Journal*, which is all very pleasant and fine.

Thursday, May 7. — A beautiful morning — sweet, warm air — birds singing. Oh, what a holy morning! What a pleasant sound everything has! The car-bell that sounds so harsh in winter-time or during the stormy spring is now as soft and melo-

dious as a shepherd's pipe. I am keeping rather late hours of late. Attended theatre last night and saw Miss Heron in the play of *Camille*. I was carried away with her playing. An artiste so true to nature, so variable, so wild and rude and then so gentle and winning, it is difficult to find. The play itself is full of interest to me. Nothing has such a charm for my mind in the range of the novelist as a history of the unfolding of the heart, its variableness, its doubts, its fears, hopes, its flutterings, its strugglings.

Thursday, May 14. — Have just returned from a walk with Ropes. Attended Boston Theatre again last evening and saw the play *Camille* for a second time. Liked it very well. Dudleian lecture yesterday afternoon, preached by Neale of Boston — a good one, high-minded and liberal.

Thursday, June 11. — Rode into Boston this afternoon, and have just returned after having eaten supper with Porter and attended with him and Zadoc the opera of *Il Trovatore*. Oh, how music enchants me! It seems as if the passion I feel for song is only increased; as if it grew insatiable. I am naturally impulsive and really believe, should I yield myself up to this or that *art* or pursuit with my whole soul, I should succeed and be a poet, fanciful, wild, soaring above all things and ever striving and yearning after the inaccessible; — or an orator, inspiring multitudes with the same mad feelings that thrill so my own bosom; — or a singer, charming my own ear and filling the hearts

of those who listened to me with gushing melody, moving them to tears or making the blood course quicker in the veins; — or a lover and win; — or a — poor, stupid, unknown devil, a thing unimportant, a stone, a dry stick, or what not.

In this list of attractive vocations, John, strangely enough, omits the pursuit which at that time received no small amount of his time and energy. This was the writing of prose. An intelligent and critical reader, it seems, ought easily to surpass his fellows in the production of good writing; but Long received little encouragement from his taskmaster, Professor Child. Sometimes, indeed, he was so discouraged by the mediocre grades he received, and by the curt comments which he found on the margins of his returned themes, that he fancied his difficulty was due to personal dislike on the part of the instructor. More often, however, he took his medicine uncomplainingly, set his jaw, and strove to correct whatever faults were indicated. Occasionally, too, he reflected upon the larger aspects of prose composition, and confided his conclusions to his journal.

I have been thinking [about] what is called style in writing. This always carries with it force and strength. That of the *Spectator* is universally admired and followed as far as possible. Daniel Webster's is peculiarly attractive to me. There is no superfluity in his sentences. Every word is

placed in its proper position and performs its proper task. The interest of the reader or hearer is continually excited from the beginning of a sentence to its end. It is all strength, and by observing it closely its peculiar structure can be ascertained. I would like to form a style which should resemble his. Now how to do this. Now many persons read thoroughly and continually the writings of such an author as pleases them. By this means they think they form their own similar. Still, I hardly think one can imitate an author so easily. At least, I feel myself incapable. I would rather take my own style, such as it is, and work upon that until I had moulded it and made it graceful and weight-bearing. I would take one sentence, write it as well as I possibly could, and then make all the alterations for the better in it that I was capable of. In this way, remodeling sentence by sentence, changing, adding, shortening, I think I could form a better style than by reading an author whose beauty of speech is celebrated. And in fact, we are obliged to read the words and expressions of many authors, all writing differently, and thus we should be confused and as likely to collect thorns as flowers.

So, despite the discouragement of his returned themes, Long persisted in his attempts to excel in English composition and in the course of time his work appeared in the press. His début in this field, however, was due not to literary ambition but to his love of truth. On the Fourth of July, 1856, a

man named Wise delighted the populace of Boston by a balloon ascension, and his spectacular performance so appealed to the imagination of a newspaper reporter that he attributed to the aeronaut the statement that "at his greatest height, which he estimates at a mile and a half, he could see the bottom of the river [the Neponset], and even small fishes sporting about." When John Long's eye lighted upon those lines, he decided that the time had come for him to address a letter to the editor of the *Boston Journal*. After proving by the laws of mathematics, physics, and optics, that the balloonist could not have made the remarkable observations claimed, the seventeen-year-old correspondent concluded his communication with the following paragraph: —

"If it be true that Mr. Wise has attempted to deceive people, his conduct or his ambition cannot be too strongly censured. Doubt once established in the mass of minds with regard to the veracity of such men, would lead to the discredit of the statements of solitary wanderers and observers in general."

Unfortunately, it turned out that the aeronaut's original statement had been "that on a previous ascension at Philadelphia, he distinctly saw sturgeon leaping from the water"; so all Long got for his efforts in behalf of truth was a caustic reply from Mr. Wise in the columns of the *Journal*.

Better luck attended his next venture in the public prints. Early in his senior year he wrote an

essay on John Knox, which was accepted by the *Watchman*. A few months later an essay of his on John Eliot was published in the same periodical. Both were signed with his pseudonym, John Paul. Between the two his fancy turned to the composition of rhymed verse, specimens of which appeared every now and then in the *Harvard Magazine*, and in the *Boston Post*. These effusions would hardly increase the literary reputation of a Harvard undergraduate to-day, but apparently Long's contemporaries took them more seriously than he himself did — even one double love-song entitled "Laura and Lena." At all events when the time came for the Class of 1857 to elect its Odist, that honor went to John Davis Long. This recognition from his classmates was most gratifying — but the fulfillment of the trust proved to be a painful process.

Tuesday, March 10, 1857. — I have just finished this afternoon two verses of my *ode* for Class Day. I hope it will succeed.

Tuesday, March 24. — Prof. Child did not seem much pleased with my Ode, and I have been engaged in writing a new one. It is a difficult matter.

Wednesday, March 25. — I have been hard at work, and at last have completed a second Ode. Hope it will suit the professor better than its predecessor.

Wednesday, April 1. — I have at last brought my Ode into such shape as suits me quite well. I

shall probably not emend it any more, although I have not yet received it back from the professor.

Thursday, April 2. — The professor has found some fault with my Ode, and so I have spent another evening in emending it and bringing it into a new shape. Hope that now it is better.

Friday, April 3. — Still at work on my Ode. I think it is the most difficult of all the Class Day exercises.

Monday, May 11. — To-night I am dejected and out of sorts. My Ode does not suit my taste. I am *not able* to write a good one. The more I try, the less I succeed. I can sometimes dash off something passable, but with this Ode it is impossible. I almost wish I had never been elected to the difficult duty of composing it. I dread to be exposed to the criticisms that I know will follow upon a thing so tame, so barren of everything fanciful, a set of rhymes so destitute of poetical sentiment. Damn it.

Wednesday, May 13. — Have completed my Ode, and given it to the Class Day Committee. Wish it were better.

Thursday, June 25. — Last Friday was our Class Day and though, owing to the rain, we were obliged to omit some of the subordinate exercises, such as dancing on the green, yet the rest of them passed off very pleasantly and to our credit. The Oration by Storrow, though highly praised by the papers and really a fine production, was not *so* good as the Poem by French, which was the best I have ever

heard in College. My Ode was quite well received, being complimented by some and extolled by others. . . . I had prepared an entertainment for a large number of friends who would have come but for the rain. As it was, my only visitors were Zadoc and Ruth, and I shall not soon forget the pleasure we felt as we gathered about the board. . . . In the afternoon we had dancing in the big Harvard Hall.

One academic duty was still before him. He must take part in the Commencement exercises.

Sunday, July 19. — On Wednesday, Commencement day, on which occasion Father, Uncle Wash, Wayland, Persis, and other friends were present, I spoke my part, for which I received high compliments; got my sheepskin, and bade a last farewell to College scenes.

So ends John Long's account of his career at Harvard. The lines are appropriately colorless and unemotional. More sentimental, but not more genuine, are the four stanzas of the Ode which he finally produced for Class Day.

How bright were the hopes that incited the throng,
When, wandering in search of the truth,
We came to the fountain whose waters so long
Have nourished the bloom of our youth;
How sad are we now, that this time-hallowed spot
Shall echo our voices no more;
Behind us, the past with sweet memories fraught;
The future, uncertain before.

How dearer than ever become to the heart
Each tree and each consecrate hall,
That now from their shelter we turn to depart,
And are bidding adieu to them all!
And the memory of lost ones shall serve to unite
More closely the hearts that remain,
When we pledge to each other, dispersing to-night,
An affection that never shall wane.

The world with its hazards, its turmoil, and strife
Calls us now from these scenes of repose,
And sterner and stormier phases of life
The future begins to unclose;
And we boldly press forward with aims that are high
And honor enshrined in each breast,
Though at parting a tear is bedimming the eye,
And a sigh of regret half suppressed.

As now in our turn to the battle we rush,
And youth's careless moments are gone;
May the cheek of our mother ne'er burn with a blush
For the shame of one dastardly son.
Thus acting our part, be our fate what it may,
Whether sunshine or darkness betide,
A tribute befitting to thee shall we pay,
Dear Harvard, our boast and our pride.

V

THE SCHOOLMASTER

LIKE every normal undergraduate Long had now and then tried to decide what kind of career appealed to him most strongly. When he was a sophomore the relative merits of certain vocations appeared to him as follows: —

Of the three principal professions I prefer that of a lawyer. And yet it seems below the dignity of a well-educated man to be engaged in the petty troubles of his neighbours, dependent on the quarrels of his townsmen for his own support. To be a great lawyer, to plead like Webster or Choate would be worth aiming for; but to settle in a small community and plead nothing but trifles is unworthy of a noble mind. The life of a politician is exciting and therefore pleasant. But what a low despicable crowd of demagogues are most of those who aspire to office. How disgraceful are the means used to accomplish party views and raise oneself to some office in the land. Riches have too much superiority over worth in our elections for the purity of institutions. I think for a few years I shall teach. How pleasant it might be to teach my whole lifetime the young and endeavor to bring them up in the way that they should go. A teacher's life might

be very pleasant, I think. But of all, the happiest is the farmer. He takes the best means for preserving his health. He is the most comfortable. His table is furnished with the best fare, and his blessings are not enjoyed by many more wealthy about him. I may one day be a farmer.

The farmer's life that appealed to John Long was evidently not that of an ordinary rustic, for a few pages farther on we find a description of the idyllic combination of literature and agriculture that he had in mind.

Now, as Father has advised me, my intention is to take German and Spanish, and as these are not very important studies I will not give them any considerable attention, but spend my time principally in writing and composing. I will learn to declaim, and not only that but have compositions of my own which shall be worthy of my declamation. This course I think the most beneficial, especially if I choose to be a man of any of the learned professions, or an orator or a legislator or a farmer, for then — in the latter case — from my mountain-home I will issue forth ideas and views that shall work mighty changes, and changes too that shall reform. I will make the world seek me out and wonder who it is that can thus startle them and hold their minds in high excitement, while at the same time he convinces their reason and sounder judgment — convincing and delighting them at once.

But even this rhapsody ended with a word or two, more exalted than grammatical, in favor of teaching.

If I teach, I can be able to correct the errors of my scholars and learn them to compose, thus forming legislators, orators, and statesmen of them, and thus benefitting the world.

So it came about that, at the end of his senior year, he decided to teach for a year or two at any rate before studying law. He hoped to find an opening at Hebron Academy, but when this proved to be delusive, he turned his gaze toward the "preceptorship" of the academy at Westford, Massachusetts, a rural town about twenty miles northwest of Boston. "A very quiet noiseless spot of earth, on high ground from which the inhabitants take views to an immense distance; and withal, at least in summer-time, a pretty and attractive corner." This was the impression it made on Long, one day in July 1857, when he visited it for the first time. Equally favorable, certainly, must have been the impression he made upon the leading trustee of the institution on that occasion, for although John Long was only eighteen years old it was not many days before he received a formal offer of the headmastership of the school. This he accepted and, in the late summer of 1857, came down from Buckfield to assume his duties.

Westford, August 18 [1857]. — Came out from

Boston to-day. Have procured a pleasant room at Mr. Hamlin's for 50¢. per week. Am to take my meals at Mr. J. W. P. Abbot's at $2.75 per week, including washing. Westford is quiet enough — a pleasant little bit of a place stuck just on the top of a hill, with an academy, two churches, three stores and quite a number or pretty white houses. Were it not that I have so much business on my hands, I should be very lonely.

August 19. — I have taken a long walk to-night, over the country road. How earnestly one can think at such a time. Well, I am going to bed. My couch is a lofty feather-bed that looks old-fashioned and cosy. My room is a very pleasant one, close by the Academy, with four windows, curtains, a mirror, a stove, a wash-stand, table, chairs, shelves, and clothes-press.

August 21. — Pleasant. The school has gone on to-day in its prescribed course. I have as yet met with no unconquerable difficulties and hope to succeed with perseverance, patience, and a brave heart. The walks in town are delightful. I never saw such neat farms and farmhouses; everything — walls, fences, yards are kept with the most scrupulous order and neatness. Am very well contented; not homesick a bit to-day.

September 10. — Pleasant and warm. There are 5 new scholars, making the whole number of names 74. More are coming, so that I shall probably have a larger school than has been known here for many years. There are more than I care to have the charge of.

In the task of instructing this multitude of boys and girls Long was assisted by one woman-teacher. At first, probably all the girls — certainly all the boys — were without identity; but as weeks passed, personalities began to emerge. Among the first was that of a fair maid from the neighboring town of Littleton, and under date of October 12 we read: —

I pencilled in one of my pupil's books to-night — this! —

> Silent more than most so young,
> Still there's much I like in thee;
> For thy look speaks more than tongue
> Of other maids, it seems to me.

This indiscretion — for indiscreet it surely was — might give one the impression that the young schoolmaster was a philanderer, whereas, in reality, quite the reverse was true. He worshiped beauty and he easily resorted to verse to express his emotions; but he had very sound convictions regarding the welfare of the boys and girls in his school. As he himself had grown up in a country village, he knew how easy-going and unedifying were the ways in which rural young people entertained themselves; and, although he did not institute a formal campaign against the boisterous evening meetings of the Sewing Circle, he showed his pupils the possibility of diversion in a more dignified form of assembly. This he did by organizing the Westford Literary Association, which met on alternate Monday evenings "for declamation, debate, and so

forth." The girls took no part in the debates, but they were the mainstay of the Association's periodical, *The Literary Gatherer*. In order to make the thing go, Long accepted the presidency, occasionally took part in the debates, and wrote copiously for the little paper. With these duties added to his regular work it is not surprising that he neglected his journal for a few weeks. He resumed it, however, at the beginning of the second term, early in December 1857.

Let me see: very little occurred during the latter part of last term that deserves notice. My life as a schoolmaster glided on calmly and monotonously as every schoolmaster's must. Father came to see me and enjoyed his visit. The scholars generally behaved well, sometimes giving me some trouble and pain, however. The only *incident* I remember was a walk to Miss Bamford's, in which Amelia —— had me by the arm and, attempting to run, stumbled and came near dragging me down — the great creature. Two of the pupils — good fellows but *weak* — got drunk, and I had to labor somewhat to reform them. The great event of all was the last day — two weeks ago. In the forenoon was the regular Examination which was certainly very fine. I think the scholars must have loved me or they would not have labored to acquit themselves so well: their deportment, manner of recitation was of the best order.

Took dinner with the Trustees at Mrs. Day's,

who supplied a rich table, but I was too much fatigued to enjoy it. In the afternoon came the exhibition by most of the scholars, consisting of declamations, compositions, select readings, and dialogues, and *sich.* Mr. Brown, editor of the *New England Farmer* and one of the examining committee, said that on the whole it was the best examination he ever witnessed! And the scholars did so admirably. In the evening was the Levee. A present, worth $20. was given to Miss Rogers, my assistant (who is not going to be with me this winter), with a speech, which I had written, by one of the scholars; cake, pies, oysters were eaten and a dance commenced. I enjoyed the affair and did what I could to make others — talking, laughing, and waiting on the beauless ones home, though tired to death myself. I did not get into my room till two o'clock.

After Thanksgiving and a short vacation the story is resumed.

December 8. — Came to Westford, split my wood, opened the schoolroom, shook hands with some of the scholars. A little blue, of course, at leaving so many I love, but still in good spirits. I find my little room the cosiest place in the world, with a new carpet. It is a dark evening. I am back again in the same situation, with the same duties on my shoulders. Alas, my vacation with its freedom seems like a dream!

December 10. — Late at night. It is beautiful weather, warm and sunny. To-night the stars are out. Affairs in school have passed by pleasantly this morning. More scholars. Have this evening been practising my first lesson on the piano. Miss Heywood is my teacher.

December 15. — Beautiful weather still continues. The stars are bright as diamonds in the sky. Have been attending a meeting of the Westford Literary Association, of which I am a second time chosen President. The boys confer quite an honor upon me. It is eleven o'clock. What a monotonous, humdrum life I am leading, here all by myself. Day and night go by in rapid succession and find me engaged in the same narrow scale of duties and labors. The fair current of my life is unruffled by a single wave or ripple: its sky unvaried by a single cloud. No excitement, no variation, no schemes or plottings. And yet I am contented. But the clock is striking.

December 16. — It is eleven o'clock. I have been calling at Mrs. Day's, playing whist at Mr. Abbot's, practising on my piano, and as soon as I have mended my pants, shall retire to my bed.

One introspective day, upon returning from a walk with one of the schoolboys and, incidentally, from a couple of "dismal calls," Long wrote at considerable length in his journal.

O dear! my position as schoolmaster puts me un-

der a good many disagreeable requirements. I must call on people that I don't care to see or they are offended with me. I enjoyed Fred's company more than the calls. He is a great, merry, jovial, good-natured fellow, and I find enough in him to interest me. Yet when he left me and I came sauntering home alone and saw the starlight so brilliant and shuddered beneath the cold wind, my heart seemed to draw itself in like the head of a turtle and left me sober and sad and melancholy, as I always am when alone. My feelings when alone and when in society are exactly antagonistic. Sometimes when alone I am unhappy; but then the sound of another's voice seems to change me in a moment. So some of these starlight nights, after I have enjoyed a game of whist hugely at Mr. Abbot's, I come out into the open air, and life wears as dull and gloomy a hue as one might imagine. Perhaps it is habit, perhaps contrast, perhaps something else.

On the whole, my life is probably like that of every other person, made up of shadow and sunshine, sorrow and mirth. We all have our ups and downs of *spirits* as well as of fortune, and a little matter often gives tone and coloring to our thoughts, a slight cause makes us unhappy or otherwise. I am happy and contented for the most part with my lot. Having the good will of my scholars, my hands full of business, and energies and ingenuity constantly taxed, of course I feel that I am living to some purpose, that life is not all glitter, that contentment is found, not far off nor in some

distant place, but depends on one's own control of himself, that I am well situated and happy as I ever shall be. It is only now and then, some dark day or beautiful moonlight evening when the cares of my station are laid for a time aside, that I, gazing about me on the houses of strangers, forget myself so far as to regret that my situation is such, that human nature is such, if circumstances are not, that most of the warm feelings and sympathies which I know are in my breast find nothing in real life to twine around, that everything seems selfish, bound up in itself and away from my influence, that the whole course of life seems narrow, its honors scanty, its purposes, aims and accomplishments vain.

But it is not often so: not often that the dark side alone presents itself. On the contrary, I have many happy moments here by myself. I find resources within my own breast of pure enjoyment; the kindness of the people in the town, the remembrance of some little event of the day, the impression made on me by some bright or pretty scholar, and, sometimes, the silly memories of my past follies come crowding upon me and exert a quieting and pleasant influence upon my spirits.

Another record of similar emotions gives one a more graphic picture of the affectionate youth.

Foul weather. . . . This is the end of the week, and my tired limbs seem to rejoice at the prospect of a few days' rest. Yet at such a time I can't help

feeling lonely and wishing I had some dear friend to stand beside and talk with me — something to be attached to, if it were nothing more than a shaggy dog. To-night in my walk I sat upon a dry log in the valley by the roadside and gazed upon the gathering night, the dark clouds, the few stars peeping out, and the distant farmhouse lights, listened to the song of the crickets, and let my thoughts run loose till I was nervous.

January 27, 1858. — Scholars have spoken to-day upon the stage. Decater has acted like hell, so that my assistant, Miss Hale, could not manage him, and sent him to me. Instead of scolding severely at first and thus exciting their obstinacy and anger, I appeal to their good nature, make them laugh, and then, when in this pleasant mood and fitted to take anything, I "put it to them" to the best of my ability. Decater, however, is a hard case. I talk to him sometimes and he sheds tears, but the next day all his good resolutions are gone and the fellow is as rude as ever. It is owing to his ill education at home, his rough associations and the want of proper paternal and domestic example. I am just returned from a Sewing Circle at the meeting-house. The order of the evening: dancing — which I barely attempted; talking — of which I did a good deal, and a lottery — in getting up which I was *magna pars*. . . . Coming away, I stood by the fence of the Academy yard; saw the fellows go by with their girls; listened to the music of the violins as their strains, somewhat improved by the

distance, floated to my ear; wondered what one of our stern old Puritan fathers would say if he should hear such sounds and see such sights in the vestry of the church of God. . . . I hear voices from below. Mrs. Hamlin has company and is just putting them to bed. When I came home to-night at 5 o'clock, I found the parlor crammed with her visitors, some half-a-dozen old people who had come to spend the afternoon and take tea. Their loud and intermingled voices, the scene, and the time reminded me of afternoons at home long ago, when Aunt Sally, Mrs. Brown, and Mrs. Jewitt came to tea, accompanied by Uncle Lucius, Mr. B., and the Captain; when we had our china dishes on a clean tablecloth, and fared more sumptuously than usually; when, though it diminished my pleasure somewhat to be obliged to wait for the rest, I still made up for lost time by stuffing my "in'ards" so full of preserves [and] various kinds of cake and pie, that nothing but the constitution of an ox or a stomach as tough as bull's hide prevented a fatal sickness; when, after we adjourned to the sitting-room about the open fire, I on my cricket in the corner forgot my book and opened my mouth and ears to drink the gossip of the ladies in their white caps, or the stories of the men about this or that; when I took only as many apples as my mother had previously instructed me, that there might be enough "to go round." Dear me, how vivid the memory of those fine old days is to me! How well I love to think of them and those I loved so well then!

February 4. — Eleven o'clock at night. Have been this evening to a Sewing Circle at Mr. Patten's. Oh Jerusalem, what a crowd! I was jammed and pummeled like a man in a political caucus. Such a medley. One young lady was pummeling upon the piano and screeching to the top of her voice in cadences that grated on my ear like the filing of a saw. Kissing, talking, bawling, squeezing were the order of the night. No air, and the room so hot that a lighted match would have set it all ablaze.

Long's efforts to interest the young people in more cultivating forms of entertainment had succeeded well, but his one attempt to extend this movement to their elders was not so encouraging.

February 11. — Cold. Thermometer low. Have walked to-day; received a pleasant letter from father; labored hard in school to keep the boys in tune; to-night have attended a lecture before our association by Mr. Willard. I am vexed. The lecture was for the benefit of the Lyceum. The admission fee 10¢. The Lyceum is a direct and real benefit to the place. It has turned the attention of the young people from dancing and kissing parties in some measure to better things, and I should have thought it fair, if no more, if people in town had assisted us somewhat. Had the pleasure, however, to walk home with Miss Sarah Wright, in my eye the prettiest girl in this town of pretty girls, who

came across me just as I was turning my steps homeward. I could but offer her my services. Fiske has been in my room, mad as blazes about the scantness of our audience. I could but laugh to-night, as he stood at the doorway in the cold, with his table for selling tickets, with nobody buying, the bottom of his money-drawer covered here and there with a quarter of a dollar, two dimes, a five-cent piece, and four or five coppers.

February 15. — Not so cold, but still more so than is agreeable. Have just come in from the Lyceum and am on the point of popping into bed to read Dr. Kane. I can't sit up in the cold. To-night I spoke upon the question and got it. I felt last week that Mr. Willard deprived me of it, and this time I spoke against him, determined to succeed. I really think these debates very beneficial to me. I get exercise in speaking, in which I am sadly deficient.

At this point it is well to remind ourselves that John Long was still in his teens.

February 26. — This has been a beautiful day; this morning the sun was bright and warm and glorious as in the opening days of Spring. I felt that it sent new life and feeling through me. And to-night the moon is so brilliant and the air so still that one would imagine it a summer's evening and almost expect to find some rivulet tinkling along at his feet. I am glad school is done for the week.

I am tired, sometimes almost discouraged. Took a walk with Banford and Lake in the moonlight, set up my old hat for a mark at which they threw stones. Ran and raced with them over the fields.

March 2. — This evening I have been to a sort of party at Henry Reed's, two miles from town. I have had a pleasant time, laughed, talked, acted like Jehu, drunk cider and eaten apples, for Henry is the most generous fellow in the world and is as hospitable as the day is long. The only thing I regret at such a time is that, free from the burden and responsibility of the school, I am apt to run to the extreme of hilarity and be too noisy and boisterous. I make fun for the crowd, say rude things, and am too apt to say and act improperly. I can't help it. My health is so good and my spirits are so high that I must yield to the impulse of the moment and, forgetting my position and the influence of my example, I am a boy and as full of noisy mirth as any. I am not impolite, nor do I act in an ungentlemanly way. I am only afraid that I lose my dignity as a schoolmaster.

About this time his father visited him again and in the pages of the former's diary we find occasional glimpses of the boy-schoolmaster at work and at play: —

"Went into the school. Was pleased with the management. A gentleman from Cambridge, book agent, called and introduced himself very civilly to

me as the preceptor of the Academy, taking Johnny to be one of the pupils. He wished to introduce some new books, and gave Johnny 3 specimen volumes — *History of the U. States*, *Composition and Rhetoric*, and *Chemistry* by Quackenbos.

"The bell is ringing for the morning school, and the preceptor is playing ball with his boys on the Common. Many a wagon-load of young ladies from a distance, others, living near, on foot are flocking to the school. I never saw a collection of more intelligent and fine-looking pupils."

All this sounds very merry, but what John was really going through, whether or not he realized it at the time, comes out in a paragraph written after the term was over.

That winter term was a severe one to me. I labored hard. The anxiety and care under which I struggled were sometimes almost more than I could endure. My only relief was in going to every scene of pleasure I could attend. I had no idea that my nerves were strung to so high a pitch as was the case. I was exhausted and had lost in some measure my self-control. When I returned to East Boston and went for the first time to greet my father and mother and felt that my burden was laid aside and I free again, the tears rushed to my eyes, my voice trembled, and the muscles of my hand shook all day. But my duties are much easier this term. I take a downright pleasure in my school. I enjoy it.

April 16. — This morning I attended the Teach-

er's Convention at Lowell. Listened to a barbarous lecture on the government of school — in which the lecturer sneered at the moral suasion system and gave his influence for the use of the rod. . . . Wrote a letter to the *Courier*, giving an idea of the proceedings at Lowell.

April 25. — . . . I have attended also an evening prayer meeting at the Orthodox church. The Lord is passing by and people are exhorted to stretch forth their hands and touch the hem of his garment while yet there is time — just as a quack doctor puts out his circulars that he shall remain but a limited time, and all who wish to be cured must come now or suffer forever. A good many of my brightest girls are in an excited state and are losing their vivacity and promptness, not growing kinder, more generous, or better-natured, but morose, dull and heedless. I hear at these meetings views expressed of the character of God that shock me. Then there is a ridiculous side to everything, and one cannot help smiling at the exhortations and theological expositions of some of the regenerate. . . . There is so much mechanism, so little thought and investigation, that I fear this revival is superficial and will do little good, except by rousing to serious reflection and religious thought the attention of people who are capable of such excitement only through fear of punishment hereafter.

His own religion was of a different kind, and may be deduced from two reflective entries. The first

was written one summer evening, late in August 1858.

Last Sunday I was on Loring's Hill [Buckfield]; this, I have been on Prospect. They are alike. Each rises above the village, looks down upon it, and furnishes a wide view of distant mountains, some far and blue, of hills and forests and valleys and neat farm houses and beautiful shade trees. Over each is the blue sky and the burnished clouds. But here I miss the windings of the silver stream whose banks are dear to me as the threshold of my home, and whose murmur is so sweet and so full of association. After the cares of the day, the fine air and healthy breeze one gets on such a summit invigorate both mind and body. The boundless prospect, the outspread earth with its varied surface, the stretch of scenery, enlarge and liberalize the mind. Your imagination expands and your soul is filled with better feelings as you gaze far off into the blue distance, or up into the measureless heavens, or watch the going down of the sun. Your prejudices are destroyed. You are conscious of more charitable and kindly feelings towards your fellow men. You are pervaded with a principle of Love. And if these manifestations of God's mind in the outward universe, these his natural work, poor to him, but glorious to us, results of his handiwork, if these inspire us with love, what then must be the characteristic of that God whose creation they are? Is not he too a God of Love, whose handiwork fills us

with that emotion? He is, and all the glories and beauties of this world are proofs of his goodness, marks of his wish to make us happy, and teachers of lessons to us of love and good will to men.

The other is more theological and also more specific.

I find a vein of religious feeling opening in my bosom. Not that I am becoming serious or changing my manner of life, or giving up in the least my wicked thoughts and feelings and inclinations. But in a logical, theoretical point of view I am beginning to look upon religion with more interest. Thus far although I know little and care less about many of the long-mooted questions of doctrine that divide sects, yet I believe my views incline towards Unitarianism. That is, I believe in an enlightened, liberal religion — in loving God and his requirements, not from policy but for goodness' sake; in practising the rules of Christ in our daily intercourse with men, in bringing them into practical life. I cannot believe that, as the Orthodox say, some of the human family are to be eternally damned. Such an idea shocks me. It is not consonant with my idea of God as our Father, the God who loves us. I believe that God is above the frail passions of men, that his vengeance is not like our vengeance. So we have seen men of high moral excellence, who seemed to stand out and aloof from the common herd and to be above them in their

feelings, in their manner of vengeance for injury or insult, as well as in other respects. God, who does nothing in vain, framed us for some definite purpose, and if he, at death, puts those who have been unfortunate enough to have been wicked, sinful men, in eternal torment in hell, then he is putting them out of all opportunity of accomplishing that end or purpose for which I believe we are all created, and thus defeating his own plans, his own designs — which is to me absurd. I believe we are in a state of progress; that death makes no change in our moral nature; that in the next world we shall go on from that point to which we have arrived in this. And as true happiness consists in true holiness, the more we study to live Christian lives on this earth, the more we shall enjoy this life and be farther on our way to eternal and perfect happiness on our entrance into the next.

Less solemn was his mood when he was celebrating an annual festival which he observed with rites more suggestive of Old than of New England.

May 1, 1858. — The loveliest day of all the year. May it be emblematic of the month that is just ushered in upon us. I rose at six o'clock and as I walked to breakfast, the warm glow of the morning put new life into me. At nine o'clock, Miss Rogers, some of the scholars — Wright, Flint, Edward, Phil, Cornelia, Miranda, Louisa, Lydiana, Sarah, and too many others to enumerate — with myself

took a pleasant walk through the woods, maying, in search of flowers; into the grove, across the pastures, over stiles and fences and across the railroad. We saw a beautiful spring bubbling up amid the sand. I strolled alone along a wood-road that led me to the water, and through the forest. Oh, there is so much real beauty, so much to charm the eye and ear, so much to elevate, purify, and harmonize the soul in the works of Nature, its melodies and beautiful scenes, that I love it passionately. I feel that I can do something more than sit in my room and write about the purity of the violet, the glow of the sunset — I can feel what I write. We had a merry time. The girls decked themselves in wreaths and garlands — I found myself enveloped in them — and, as the company stood in the grove by the waters, natural, free, unfettered, graceful, their faces lit up and expressive, I could but liken them to a beautiful, vivid picture. There is a depth of feeling in a young person's breast that is not to be slighted. I love my scholars.

But to return to denominations. One Sunday morning Long had an opportunity to form at least an impression of a sect with which he was quite unfamiliar.

September 26, 1858. — Mr. Abbot this morning took his two boys and me in the open wagon to Shaker Village, nine miles distant. The ride in the fresh morning air was very delightful. We went on

a new road that I had never traveled before, and the autumn scenery, still clothed in its summer tints, was beautiful to look upon. The Shakers are divided into some four or five families. They live in common, although no intercourse is allowed between the two sexes. Their houses and barns are all large and neat, their lands extensive and well tilled, and they have made themselves a rich society by their temperate and industrious habits. In the church we found some fifty or sixty attendants, the men in huge coats, their hair cut upon the forehead but hanging down in the neck, and the women with sombre-hued skirts, — no hoops, — caps, and white kerchiefs on their shoulders. There were no young men, nor misses. All were either advanced in life or very young. I imagine there is not much inducement in their manner of life for hot-blooded lads and lasses to remain with them. Their children they obtain from alms-houses, etc. When we entered they sat still as death, the men on one side facing the women on the other. At a given sign they stood in the middle of the floor in rows, — the first containing the oldest, the last the urchins, — the sexes still apart. They then sang a hymn to an old-fashioned Methodist tune in the old-fashioned Methodist way, keeping time with their bodies and swinging back and forward. After this the order was given to "march," whereupon in twos they marched around the room in a circle. Within this was a smaller circle, composed of children, in Indian file. And within this, ten elders — male and female

— stood facing each other and singing to the tops of their voices. At times the procession ceased a moment and remarks were made by this woman or that man; then it was begun again and quickened by the clapping of hands. Of course the scene was ludicrous, and I could not but think that one or two fine, sensible-looking men were above such senseless ceremonies; but considering the neatness of everything pertaining to their kingdom, the marks of prosperity that were visible in their farms, their houses and trees, I thought their life was not altogether without its quiet pleasure.

For two years John Long brightened the lives of young and old in the little town of Westford. As the earnest, high-minded, and tactful preceptor of the Academy, he worked hard. But he played hard, too. His boat, the Nancy Ann, on Forge Pond, was the source of much enjoyment, not only to himself, but apparently to an unlimited number of his pupils as well. There was skating, also, and football and baseball with the boys. Besides these diversions he somehow found time to read, and he read books of real worth. All things considered, he found life in Westford very congenial, and it is not surprising that his good friend, Mrs. Abbot, "a true noble-hearted woman, a mother with the feelings of a mother," recognizing his ability, feared sometimes that he might be content to settle down in Westford. John Long appreciated her solicitude, but he knew that the danger did not exist. Had

Mrs. Abbot been allowed to look here and there in his journal, she too would have seen that her fears were groundless.

During the year I have been in this place I have not attempted brilliant things. I have been laying in a good stock of knowledge of human nature and of common sense. I may reserve my powers, I think, until riper years. I am now acquiring a kind of information that is invaluable. My life in Westford has been full of instruction. I am more a man, better able to meet the demands of life for having been here.

And if that were not convincing, how about this?

Now and then, in spite of the pleasant circumstances that environ me, I become somewhat discontented with the plain, everyday life that I lead. And conscious of power within me to accomplish great things, could the energy and steady perseverance which my character lacks be added to it, I feel the promptings of an ambition to be up and doing, to be accomplishing at the age of nineteen the duties — and performing the brilliant achievements — of a man. Especially is this the case with me after reading the lives of great men who have distinguished themselves in life. The pride of human nature, which I suppose is common to all, tells me that I have a mind, powers within, that are inferior to those of no man. I feel at times sparks of an in-

extinguishable, glowing fire within me, surging and struggling to find vent and utterance. I feel — perhaps it is a dream — a consciousness of power that I cannot express; and the feeling, the certainty that I shall never accomplish what by nature I feel I am fitted to accomplish, is painful. A strong impulse comes over me to make an effort, to exert power — in what direction, to what end I cannot tell.

VI

LAW AND POLITICS

Toward the end of his first year at Westford, Mr. Long received a letter from his classmate, Frank Bartlett, to the effect that "his father, Mr. Sidney Bartlett, one of the first lawyers in the city of Boston," although accustomed to charge about two hundred dollars a year to pupils under his care, would give him a place in his office free of expense, provided he should do the customary copying that was expected of law students. The offer was tempting, but Long really wanted another year of teaching school and therefore with some misgivings declined the proposition. To his great relief he then learned that the offer would still be open at the end of the following year. So it came about that in September 1859, John D. Long, not quite twenty-one years old, came to Boston to read law in the good old-fashioned way. At 87 Summer Street he secured "a pleasant room in the fourth story." His heart yearned as always for the country, but Summer Street was a pleasant part of town and not so hopelessly urban as to prevent his hearing the chirping of the crickets on summer evenings.

Work at the office was not especially interesting, and he had to adjust himself to the change from being the principal of a school to being an under-

ling in a lawyer's office. But that was all in the day's work and he did not complain. Mr. Bartlett was a man of few words, to be sure; but his occasional expressions of appreciation or praise were all the more significant on that account. In his free hours Long soon discovered "the Free Library, a glorious establishment, built by the generosity of two or three men, and open to all citizens of this town"; explored "the Back-Bay lands which are making up into fine building-lots"; and tried to feel at home. The last was not easily achieved. Although his brother and a number of his acquaintances from Buckfield were engaged in business in the city and were a comfort to John, his heart was divided between Westford and his home in Maine; and the brightest days were those when some friend from one place or the other unexpectedly appeared in Boston. Nevertheless, he did his best to attach himself to his new environment. He attended concerts at the Music Hall and opera at the Boston Theatre, sang with the Handel and Haydn Society, and taught a class at the Warren Street Chapel. And almost without fail he might be seen at some hour of the day at the Mercantile Library reading-room, where he browsed among the leading periodicals. Then too, there were lectures by Garrison, James Freeman Clarke, Thoreau, and Emerson. But all these diversions were superficial, and every so often his journal reflected that overwhelming desire for the country. The following passage is typical.

Beautiful morning — the air so soft, the sky so blue, and the clouds so summer-like that I loathed the city and longed with all my heart to go back into the country, into the quiet and beauty of rural life. Oh! this confinement, this air, these people, this want of social ties, are irksome to me. Let me go back. Still I study and walk the streets.

The fourth of January, 1860, he regarded as a landmark in his legal career for on that day he earned his first fee — one dollar for copying an award. Two or three months later he was summoned to Westford to attend as witness a coroner's inquest held on the body of a citizen who came to his death in consequence of vaccination. The clerk of the inquest being sick, Long offered his services and seems to have pleased the authorities by "the rapidity, exactness, and fullness" with which he took the testimony. An enterprising Boston newspaper persuaded him to write a synopsis of his minutes for the press, and for his services gave him ten dollars. This was helpful, not only from a financial point of view, but because he craved being useful — a craving which intensified his longing for the old life at Westford.

But there was no going back to Westford. In spite of his sentimental yearnings he was driven on by that mysterious, subconscious ambition which, in every conflict, overcame his chronic inclination to become an obscure, but useful, rural dreamer. And so, although he loved neither Cambridge nor

the life of a student, after a few months in Mr. Bartlett's office and a summer in Buckfield, Long began studying law in earnest at the Harvard Law School. There his ability was quickly recognized by his fellow students. He was elected a member of the best of the "law clubs," and, to use his own expression, he dug at the law as if he loved nothing else. Besides his natural gifts of clear thought and persuasive utterance, he had a slight headstart over his contemporaries in experience. The previous summer at Buckfield had not been idle. He had picked up what knowledge he could in a local office and had made his first appearance in court, by opening the defense in a case of assumpsit before a Maine justice. "They said I did well," was the honest, though indefinite, comment he recorded in his journal on the day of that ordeal.

That summer and fall of 1860 determined Long's political party, just as it changed that of many Northern men. John had grown up in a Whig family in a Democratic community; but, in spite of his conservative temperament, he had leaned toward the new Republican party ever since its appearance in the political world. Although not old enough to vote in the presidential election in 1856, he had at that time clear political convictions which he recorded in his journal. He agreed with the principles of the Republican party, but he did not like their candidate, John C. Frémont. In 1860, however, he could endorse both platform and candidate. In May of that year he wrote, "The Resolutions of the Re-

publican Convention come out to-night. I believe I can subscribe to them all. They are for the most part the embodiment of the original Whig party, as represented by Henry Clay and Daniel Webster." Like most New Englanders he was at first unenthusiastic about his party's candidate, but before the first Tuesday in November he had arrived at a correct appraisal of the man.

November 6, 1860. — Presidential Election day throughout the Union. State Elections in this State. Rain and sunshine alternately.

It is a crisis. For my part I look to the character of Abraham Lincoln as the anchor of the ship. He will without doubt be elected President of the United States, and, as sometimes happens in a nation's history, everything will depend upon the good sense, the integrity, and wisdom, which it is my hope will be exhibited in him. My belief is that he will inaugurate a purer and better administration, and that his election will not only settle for all time the policy of the country in respect to the extension of slavery on the true constitutional grounds, but also secure to the country a wise, conservative, and national government, which, before its end, all will be glad to honor and sustain. The Republican party in this State has more objectionable features than in any other. Its leaders here are narrow, radical, ungenerous men for the most part, and I believe the time is at hand when this wing of the party will be separated from the more

liberal main body, leaving it the great, constitutional, Union-loving, moderate, and national force in the country.

In January 1861, Long was admitted to the Massachusetts bar, and in the following autumn, having returned to his native state, he made two or three stump speeches and was a delegate to the Maine Republican State Convention. A few months later he hung out his shingle on the ell of the old homestead at Buckfield, where it may still be seen. On his first day of business he earned twenty-five cents; after that, next to nothing. The story of his first fee, as told by Mr. Long many years later, is well worth retelling. "Two of what Daniel Webster loved to call the 'neighbors' met in my office to settle a dispute about the 'boot' on a 'hoss-trade,' involving less than ten dollars. They sat one on each side of my box stove, which, from their tilted chairs, they propped with their cowhide boots and artistically frescoed with tobacco juice. It was an old and never-settled feud. They prosecuted it, not with firearms as in more chivalrous sections of our country, but in our rural fashion, with rapid volleys at close range of personal vituperation and vernacular profanity, which, however, never left the slightest scar or apparently gave the least offense. In that winter time they had nothing to do but loaf; indeed my memory of that village time is that hardly anybody had anything to do but loaf at the 'stores,' talk politics and phi-

losophize like Diogenes at his peanut stand. I well remember the snow falling in great soft flakes and the sense which both men seemed to enjoy of an easy warmth within doors. After two hours of wrangle they rose at noon, — the dinner hour, — and one of them, with patronizing magnanimity, said to me, who had been only a listener, 'Johnny, you ought to have something for your trouble,' and gave me a silver quarter — my first fee. I had the comfort, however, of thinking that Simon Greenleaf or Pitt Fessenden probably had at their professional beginnings similar experiences." [1]

Everybody in Buckfield knew and loved Johnny Long, but that was not the right place for him to begin his legal career. The fall of 1862, therefore, found him once more in Boston where he entered the office of Messrs. Chandler and Shattuck. Apparently his position with them was without remuneration, and he soon went over to another firm, who agreed to pay him $300 per annum for his services. Here he remained six months. Then, seeing no opportunity for early advancement, he again looked about him and found an opening in the law office of Mr. Stillman B. Allen at 20 Court Street.

"I am to have $500 a year," he wrote his father, "with an increase at the end of that time, and some prospect of a partnership arrangement ultimately.

[1] From Mr. Long's "Reminiscences of my Seventy Years' Education," in the *Proceedings* of the Massachusetts Historical Society, 1908–1909.

The business is principally collections of accounts." This form of employment sounds as if it would have been distasteful indeed to a man with the temperament and spirit of John D. Long; yet his new duties opened interestingly, for his employer soon sent him on a business trip to New York, Philadelphia, Washington, and the larger cities of the central states as far west as Chicago. This occurred in September 1863.

At Washington he visited the usual places and buildings of interest. "I went into the White House," he wrote his parents, "and met Old Abe on the steps. He looks more like Asa Taylor; his lank form sits ill in his clothes, and his face is that of a burdened man; and he gave me a side look as if he were afraid I should speak to him or want to shake his hand. He had been up to that business all the morning. . . . I fell asleep in one of the parks, under the nose of Andrew Jackson's statue. Washington is full of soldiers and mounted men. Officers are everywhere; and regiments are stationed all about."

Two incidents on his journey, though trivial, are too characteristic to pass by without quotation. The first is described in a letter to his father and mother, written from Syracuse.

Last night riding from Rochester here, I had what I particularly like, a seat and window to myself. Vacating it for a moment, I returned to find a little boy had got my place and was evidently en-

joying the open window. I sat close to him for the very purpose of overawing him and making him uncomfortable. The plan succeeded, and the little chap crept out of the seat and went to his mother, who sat near with another child. He was a little, dirty, uninteresting boy — poor, and came, probably, from a Western farmer's hut on the prairie. He stood leaning on one foot and trying to hold up his tired head. Why, I could n't stand it. My conscience, which had been shaming me from the first, for being unwilling to sacrifice my convenience for a child, now gave me a hard thump. I saw that I was egregiously *mean;* and I called the little chap back. I knew he and his mother had been riding all day from the West, and that he was tired. I fell into conversation with him, as you can always do with a child, and before long I had his dirty head on my knee, he lying on the seat and falling asleep.

The other appears in his journal and reflects his disappointment when, upon reaching New York, he received instructions to revisit Philadelphia before returning to Boston. He had had more than enough of hotels and railroad trains.

What a preposterous fool I am when I can remember me of my own home in Maine, the most beautiful of residences, endeared to me by a thousand associations, with blinds and curtains, white, snug, and clean, with grounds, slopes of grass, shade,

and leaves, with beautiful fields and drives, and mountains in the distance, and the still life of rural scenery. I have not that philosophy of life which reconciles me to hardships now for rewards in the future. My prospects are not flattering, and I ask myself why I do not return home, for there I should have richly what now I am unhappy because I do not have. I am tired of seeing, especially in this journey, everywhere the toil of men. They labor in the workshop, the counting-room, and the streets; their eyes are fired with the money fever. And ah me! I am wishing I could elbow my way out of the struggle and pushing of the crowd, content to forgo all and to return to humble and obscure retreats, and to leave the great world to its own revolutions. It is a weary world. Or we make it a weary world.

Because of its health, its romance, and its freedom from care, we are apt to think of twenty-five as the age of happiness. But is it really so? Are not many vigorous, apparently happy-go-lucky young men as discouraged, now and then, as was John D. Long one October evening in 1863? He had recently established himself in new quarters at the corner of Kingston and Bedford streets.

I look around my room and think how fortunate am I, and how well situated — friends and relatives near, enough to eat, drink, and wear, abundant support, and prospects of more abundant. I

sit down in my chair and cover my face with my hands, because I am alone, because I look over the shoulder of the past, and remember me of early life, of home and sunshine, of first successes, of a promising dawn. Oh, how inconsistent we always are! Good night. Good night, Father, Mother, Zadoc. Your affectionate and ill-directed and unsuccessful son and brother goes to bed fortunate as are few in this great city, yet with tears and a heart that aches. For my whole training is wrong. It has been the life of wishes, of affection, of sentiment. I have none of that manly thing — courage in life. My heart, my ambition, my loves, my dreams are in the clouds; but the weary earth with its hateful necessities keeps me fettered always. I saw to-day, through the high tops of buildings, the sweet blue sky of this beautiful October weather. It was flecked with white. It was poetry. It was love. It was God. It was beauty. I looked up at it far above me. I knew it stretched over hillsides and fields and the leaves of changing maples in the woods. And from the sight thereof I went in to work and the details of a law-office. Can such a man *succeed, get rich, acquire a reputation!*

Not all days were so depressing, of course, and there must have been corresponding heights. For instance there came one day the good news that Maggie Mitchell, one of the most popular actresses of that time, had accepted a play which he had written. The first performance was given at the

Boston Theatre, Monday evening, December 28, 1863.

At 7½ my play, "Little Marie." The storm made a thin house. Walls bare, theatre gloomy. Actors nervous. Sat in front. It began to go off like any other play. It played, oh horrors! four hours till 11½! Maggie came off looking weary at the close. I came home in doubt and fear. I had heard one man call it a "damned poor play" — another thought it a translation from the French. I *incognito* all this time.

The next performance was more encouraging.

I went again. Behind the scenes a part of the time. The parts were taken with spirit and went off infinitely better than before. Only 3¼ hours. A large audience, who gave closest attention and received the play with enthusiasm. Some compliments. The thing is a success. I am delighted. Miss Mitchell has labored very hard to make the part succeed. The labor has all fallen upon her.

In the meantime his employer, Mr. Allen, was making "heaps of money" — chiefly, it seems, in the prosecution of prize claims arising from the war. He was a generous man and Long's salary was doubled within a few months of his entering the office. This was encouraging, certainly; moreover, it gave him an opportunity to save to a certain ex-

tent. The latter was not an easy matter for a young man who liked to go about as much as he did, especially at that time when a wave of extravagance and speculation was demoralizing society. But save he did, and his employer endeavored to make the process easier by an ingenious arrangement. Under this scheme Long was to receive a bonus of $200 if he saved a similar amount in three months. Whether it became effective is not clear, but the proposal reflects credit upon Mr. Allen at all events.

The next five years, 1864–1869, must have convinced Mr. Long that he had not mistaken his profession, and that in the eyes of the world, at any rate, he was a success. He worked hard, but he could see unmistakably that he was getting ahead. Toward the end of this period he lived comfortably — or rather, as comfortably as a bachelor away from home can live — at the Waverley House in Charlestown. In the summer months he found a truly congenial environment in Hingham, a sleepy town on the salt water about seventeen miles southeast of Boston. Hingham possesses a peculiar charm for almost all who are so fortunate as to know its lovely elms, its old-fashioned houses, and its picturesque water-front, and to John D. Long in the late 60's it was probably doubly attractive because of its resemblance to his native village in Maine. Hingham was then a maritime Buckfield. He discovered the place one day in March 1860, when he went there on business. Since Hingham

became so dear a spot to him and since he became so important a part of the life of the town, his first impressions are worth repeating.

I found Hingham a pleasant place, with the residence of Gen. Lincoln in its centre venerable for its associations. I found it decayed and diminished in importance. Its stores were falling down, and its wharves were old. Soil is thin and poor. The outlying scenery is meagre; but there are trees and pleasant residences, and at a distance are the beach and the grand waves of the ocean.

Eight years later he spent his first summer there, boarding at the Lincoln House and going to and from the city every day by boat. That year, 1868, he stayed at Hingham well into November, and even then "was very sorry to come away."

I like the place. It has a savor of antiquity. It was settled in 1633 or '35. It has the oldest church, built in 1681. It has the home of Maj. Gen'l Lincoln. I like the people, and want to buy a house in the village and live there with father and mother.

Nor did there seem to be any reason why he should not realize his wish. Mr. Allen and he had recently entered into equal partnership, and he was well established in his profession. In the following year he bought some attractive acres overlooking the harbor, built a substantial house thereon, and

in 1870, identified himself still further with Hingham by marrying Miss Mary Woodward Glover of that town.

One evening early in November 1871, a delegation of Hingham Democrats called at his house and informed him that he had been nominated Democratic candidate for the Legislature. After their departure he wrote in his journal, "I accept on the ground that I go as an independent candidate, free to act as I see fit." At the polls a few days later the independent candidate failed of election, but the number of votes he received ran well ahead of those of the party that had nominated him.

This temporary association with the Democratic party seems to have had no effect upon his standing with the Republicans. In the autumn of 1874 he was chosen a delegate to the convention of his congressional district which assembled at Taunton; moreover, and much to his surprise, he was elected president of the meeting. "It is certainly flattering that knowing nobody and having no party prestige I was selected for the honor. I am inclined to think I could carry weight as a politician and get advancement if I desired," he told his diary that evening. Probably this was the first occasion upon which he realized his political gift. Three weeks later the people of Hingham and of the little town of Hull, which adjoins it, elected him to represent them in the Legislature, giving him three times the number of votes received by the Democratic aspirant.

When the Legislature met, in January 1875, the most important business confronting it was the election of a United States Senator. The result of the balloting was not what Mr. Long would have liked it to be. In fact, to him it was not even a second best. His remarks upon it, however, give one an idea of the type of man he wished to have represent Massachusetts at Washington.

Exciting day at the State House. Voted twice again for Judge Hoar for U. S. Senator. Henry L. Dawes elected on second ballot. Main objection to him that he goes with the smooch of Ben Butler on him and under a personal obligation to that most corrupting demagogue. Democrats and Hoar Republicans might have united on that cold-blooded old Chas. Francis Adams, who would have been a man of character; but it did n't work.

During the session of 1875 Long's activity and ability in the House attracted the attention of all his fellow members and especially of Speaker Sanford. And when, on more than one occasion, he was appointed Speaker of the House pro tempore, he presided with such skill and decorum that his friends predicted that he would be elected to the office the following year. Long's own comment on his first attempt in this capacity was characteristically modest. "It pleases my constituents and me. I got on bravely."

In the meantime the office of Allen and Long had

become one of the busiest in the city. There was an almost constant drive of business in his practice. This pressure, his political duties, and his new home life left him little time for looking "over the shoulder of the past." But that tendency was too deep-seated to be overthrown by mere worldly success, and it suddenly reasserted itself — and with good cause — one February day in '75.

Received a valentine from Geo. F. Emery, Esq., of Portland, Maine, in the shape of an old letter, written Valentine's Day, February 14, 1855, twenty years ago, by my dear father to Judge Emery of Paris, Maine, father of Geo. F. These two men were friends from boys, and often corresponded and visited. Father's letter is in his plain and neat handwriting and contains a copy of his pretty verses on his "old violin." When I looked at the familiar characters, the signature, how all the dear old home and past rushed over me! . . . I could see the wintry scene, the snow, the white roofs, the frozen river, the lonely streets, the snug sitting-room with its fire, father's nervous fingers on his pen, mother with her work and angel face, the journals and newspapers on the table. I must then have been home on college vacation. How they loved me, and did and hoped for me! How few days ago it seems! How trite and commonplace all the words we use to describe such memories, and yet how deep they go into the springs of feeling. Father and mother and Zadoc are dead. I

am in middle life and in new scenes, in new relations, among new people, hard at work, ambitious, eager, struggling. The family is scattered, the old home is gone, the hearth is cold. There are strangers in the sacred places. And we drift on like straws upon a torrent, always vainly looking back and trying to cheat ourselves into the belief that it is not all gone — all past — never, never to return. I loved and still love my father and mother. It is a constant sorrow to me that I can never mention their names to sympathizing ears. Perhaps my baby will some day like to hear of them.[1]

His friends were right in their predictions. Hingham and Hull returned Long to the Legislature, and when the House assembled in January 1876, he was elected Speaker on the first ballot, by a vote of 191 to 42. He had earned the honor not only by his prominence on the floor, during the pre-

[1] A few years later Mr. Long celebrated the realization of this wish in one of his best poems, "At the Fireside."

At nightfall by the firelight's cheer
My little Margaret sits me near,
And begs me tell of things that were
When I was little, just like her.

Ah, little lips! you touch the spring
Of sweetest sad remembering,
And heart and hearth flash all aglow
With ruddy tints of long ago.

I at my father's fireside sit,
Youngest of all who circle it,
And beg him tell me what did he
When he was little, just like me.

vious session, but also by his campaign-speaking for his party in many parts of the state before election day in 1875. His forceful speeches were both convincing and refreshing, and they had proved to be a great asset to the Republican party.

Long was pleased, of course, but he was not content to be an undistinguished presiding officer. He determined to put through the business of the session with as little unnecessary delay as possible. And he did so. The Legislature adjourned toward the end of April, having completed the shortest session for fifteen years. This was efficiency surely. But it was more than that; it was tactful efficiency — a much rarer quality. Everybody seemed to have an opportunity to speak, and yet when Long concluded that the subject had been thoroughly discussed he always brought the debate to a close. Perhaps the best proof of his extraordinary ability as a presiding officer was his unanimous reëlection to the Speakership when the Legislature assembled in 1877. That was not a year when Democrats in general felt kindly towards Republicans, and yet it was in that year that they did the unprecedented by nominating John D. Long, a leader of the opposite party, as their candidate for the Speakership of the House.

Long's reputation as an orator and as a lecturer had now spread throughout the state. Consequently he was in demand for all sorts of occasions, and he gave generously of his time and energy in political campaigns, at religious conferences, banquets,

dedications, and meetings of literary, and even temperance, societies. Whatever the occasion, if a speech was to be made, everyone wanted John D. Long. And he, with conscientious impartiality, gave the same consideration to a request from an obscure association in a remote country town that he did to one from a group of prominent business men of the metropolis. Only his journal knew how little he enjoyed this unending series of engagements.

I am nearly thirty-nine years old, and in some respects have been very fortunate — in money and position. I am not as happy in some ways as I was in days of less care. My family are very dear to me and my babies are fountains of pure pleasure. . . . In politics I have been ambitious and successful rather than happy. As I grow in reputation I am harassed with demands on my time. I am sought for the stump everywhere, and asked to lecture, and badgered for my influence. . . . I picture a small house, snug . . . a little world, with a friend or two and a book.

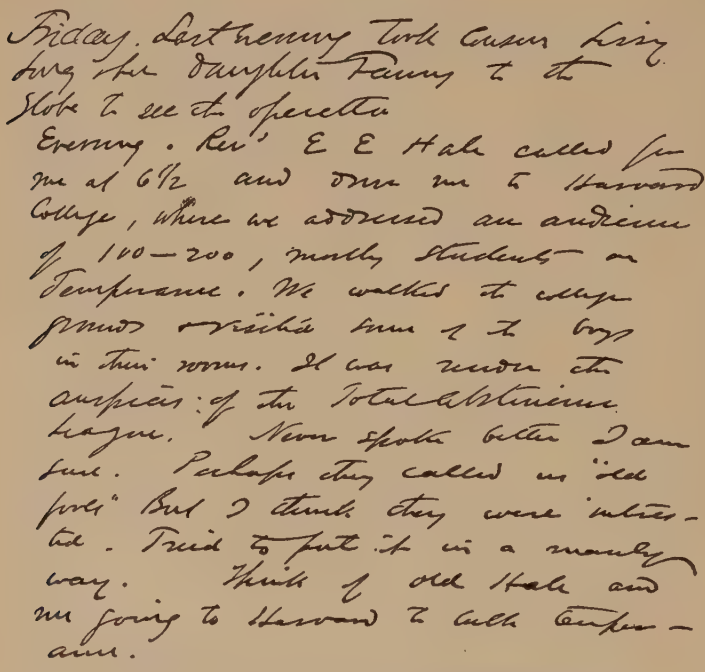
One afternoon in January 1877, soon after his election to the Speakership for the third time, Mr. Long brought home Bryant's *Iliad* and *Odyssey*, and during the evening read a book in the former. Probably this was in part responsible for his determination soon afterward to write in blank verse a translation of Virgil's *Æneid*. His love of Latin

literature had begun in his schooldays and had continued ever since. Every now and then he would spend a quiet evening with his Juvenal, his Cicero, or his Horace, according to his mood. Now he was to devote much of his leisure to Virgil. How it was possible for a busy lawyer, who was also the presiding officer of the House of Representatives and the principal stump speaker of his party, to write a poetic translation of the *Æneid* in less than twelve months is difficult of comprehension. But achieve it he did, and the interesting volume appeared in 1879. A second edition was published two years later.

In November 1878, Long was elected Lieutenant-Governor of Massachusetts. A year later he was nominated for Governor, the Democratic candidate being the notorious General Butler, more familiarly known as Ben Butler. Long knew a good deal about his opponent. Three or four years earlier General Butler had offered to help him become Governor if Long would help him become United States Senator. Long had declined, and George Frisbie Hoar was sent to Washington as Senator from Massachusetts. It was likely, therefore, that the contest between him and Butler for the governorship would be keen. It turned out to be more than keen. In his journal he referred to it as "vindictive, personal, bitter beyond example in Massachusetts." Long was elected, and in January 1880 was inaugurated Governor of the Commonwealth.

Probably many of Mr. Long's contemporaries

will be disappointed to learn that during the greater part of his gubernatorial career his journal was allowed to lapse. His own record of his administration, therefore, is fragmentary, and even the fragments are meagre. For this there were two reasons. The first is obvious. A governor of Massachusetts, especially a speaking governor, can have little time for his own pursuits. But in ad-



Friday. Last evening Turk Cousens Lizzy Long the daughter Fanny & the Hoke to see the Operetta

Evening. Rev' E E Hale called for me at 6½ and drove me to Harvard College, where we addressed an audience of 100—200, mostly students on Temperance. We walked to college grounds & visited some of the boys in their rooms. It was under the auspices of the Total Abstinence League. Never spoke better I am sure. Perhaps they called us "old fools" But I think they were interested. Tried to put it in a manly way. Think of old Hale and me going to Harvard to talk temperance.

GOVERNOR LONG AND DR. EDWARD EVERETT HALE SPEAK AT HARVARD IN 1883

dition Governor Long had a domestic anxiety, which engrossed his leisure hours to the exclusion of all other interests. His wife, who had never been

strong, was now a confirmed invalid. Gradually, but certainly, her vitality diminished until the end came, in February 1882. Not till then did Mr. Long turn again to his journal, in which he seemed to find comfort and even a suggestion of the companionship he had lost.

For three years Governor Long performed the duties of his office with vigor, dignity, and brilliancy. Probably unique in the executive history of Massachusetts was the opportunity he had to determine the personnel of the judiciary. It so happened that before the end of his administration all the members of the Supreme Court, and about half the judges of the Superior Court, held their commissions from him. His seventh appointment to the Supreme Bench was that of Oliver Wendell Holmes, Jr. At Harvard Commencement in June 1880, Mr. Long received the degree of Doctor of Laws from his Alma Mater. This was the last occasion upon which a Governor of Massachusetts was accorded that honor *ex officio*. When Mr. Long was succeeded in the State House by General Butler, three years later, the President and Fellows of the University deemed it a suitable time for discontinuing the custom.

In 1882, Governor Long, having been twice reelected to his high office, declined renomination; and as his career in the State House approached its end, he wrote of it retrospectively in his journal.

I will not deny that I feel sometimes the hard-

ship of political criticism. I have tried to do my duty in office for eight years. I have done no official act that I regret, or from interested motives. I have served no other than the public interest. If I have been genial and responsive to popular requests for my presence and speech, I have uttered no word that I did not think a good one, and I have helped because I thought my help due to all good causes. It would be pleasant, at least, if this were made, not ground for charging me with ambition and secret selfish purposes, but just what it is — the best service I could render. I have never gained preferment in a single instance by money, favor, truckling, or self-seeking. I have had no henchman or favorites, or "men." Oh, I am so tired of seeing my name in the newspapers, of being accused of ambition, and of every other representation of myself than that of a public servant, whose ambition has been to advance only by deserving, whose public official record is absolutely clean and honest, and who would with equal satisfaction accept promotion or retirement, if it were determined upon the simple questions of merit and usefulness, and not by this Chinese gong-beating of false charges and cunning insinuations.

Here it is not inappropriate to quote Senator Hoar's appreciation of Mr. Long's attitude toward him at an interesting moment. "When the election of Senator came in the following winter [1882–83], I was opposed by what remained of the feeling

against the River and Harbor Bill. My principal Republican competitors were Mr. Crapo, whose friends rightly thought he had been treated with great injustice; and Governor Long, a great public favorite, who had just ended a brilliant and most acceptable term as Governor. Governor Long had presided at a public meeting where President Arthur had been received during the summer, and had assured him that his action had the hearty approval and support of the people of the Commonwealth. I had, of course, no right to find the least fault with the supporters of Governor Long. He would have been in every way a most acceptable and useful Senator. I ought to say that, as I understood it, he hardly assumed the attitude of a candidate for the place, and declared in a public letter or speech that he thought I ought to be reëlected. So, after a somewhat earnest struggle, I was again chosen." [1]

At a Republican convention held at Brockton in October 1882, Governor Long — being absent — was nominated for Congress by acclamation and by a unanimous vote. A month later he was elected, and, in December 1883, he took his seat in the national House of Representatives. When the committees were announced he found himself on two of considerable importance, — American Shipping, and Commerce. Reëlected to Congress in 1884, he was appointed a member of the Committee on Ap-

[1] George F. Hoar's *Autobiography of Seventy Years;* ii, 117.

propriations. Many of his own party, which was now in the minority, put him forward as their candidate for Speaker, but Long lent his strength to Reed. After a third term in the House, he declined renomination, and in March 1889, returned gladly to his Boston practice and his Hingham home. The years in Congress had been interesting and valuable, but the following passage from his journal may suggest one of Governor Long's reasons for preferring private life.

Congressmen are a set of ordinary men, no better no worse. They mean well and serve well: but their jealousies, envies, bitternesses are innumerable.

Since 1882 Mr. Long had been a widower. In the spring of 1886, he married Miss Agnes Peirce, a daughter of the Reverend Joseph Dexter Peirce of North Attleboro, Massachusetts. The house in Boston, which had been a very convenient place of residence but never a home like Hingham, was given up, and upon his withdrawal from politics, in 1889, Governor Long became — or intended to become — a permanent resident of the town he loved. The years flew by. His preëminence among useful citizens remained unchanged. His reputation as an attorney increased. The firm was now Allen, Long, and Hemenway. Yet in spite of marked success in his profession he rightly or wrongly never considered himself a lawyer of the first rank. This is

made clear in a letter to one of his children, written in later years.

To tell you the truth, I never had a very satisfactory education in the law and really did not start with sufficient thoroughness in that branch. I never was a thoroughly good lawyer so far as the science and study of the law are concerned. Then, too, I went early into politics. During the eight years of my law practice, before I became Secretary of the Navy, I think I was perhaps as successful as any lawyer in Boston in trying cases before juries, but success before a jury is not the measure of the real lawyer; that is, of the mastery of the science of the law.

Probably the supreme effort of his professional career was made in the case of Commonwealth *vs.* Trefethen, in which he was counsel for the defendant. We read in his journal, September 28, 1893: "For last three days in court in Trefethen murder trial. Spent each night at Young's. Sat up Monday night till 2 A.M., preparing argument. Began argument Wednesday at 3.45 and talked till 5.15. Began again this morning at 9.15 and closed at 1." The jury brought in a verdict of not guilty, and the world soon forgot the Trefethen case. But those who heard Governor Long's argument still remember it as a masterpiece of jury oratory.

VII

WASHINGTON IN 1898

In January 1897, President-elect McKinley invited Mr. Long to come to Canton, Ohio, for a conference. The two men had been friends in Congress in the eighties, and although ill health had prevented Governor Long from taking an active part in the presidential campaign of 1896, he knew — and the press did not hesitate to guess — that McKinley was about to offer him New England's seat at the Cabinet table. Just which portfolio would be his remained to be determined. This was virtually done at the Canton conference, for at its conclusion there was an understanding between the two friends that if, upon reflection, the Major wished to entrust Mr. Long with the Secretaryship of the Navy, he would be glad to accept it.

Early in February it was generally known that John D. Long would be a member of McKinley's Cabinet. The formal offer, to be sure, did not materialize until the second day of March, but in the meantime the press had announced that he would be Secretary of the Navy, and on this occasion the press was right. McKinley was pleased and New England was delighted. Mr. Long himself was not displeased. He little guessed that within a year

from the date of his commission the Navy would be the busiest Department at Washington.

The first nine months were uneventful. In fact almost the only entry of general interest in the Secretary's journal for that period is this, on Friday, April 9, 1897: "Roosevelt calls. Just appointed Assistant Secretary of the Navy. Best man for the place." During the winter of 1897–98 Mr. Long happily adopted the time- and labor-saving scheme of dictating his diary, with the result that he made longer observations. Among these his portraits of some of his contemporaries are often remarkable. Then, too, there are frequent sidelights on others which are illuminating. A day or two after Christmas he dropped in at the White House about noon and found President McKinley "as usual, seated at the Cabinet table with somebody at his elbow pressing claims for office."

I fancy it is a relief to him [wrote Mr. Long] under these circumstances to have a Cabinet officer come in and afford him a diversion from this constant pressure. When we were alone we went over a few matters of official interest, and then chatted pleasantly upon domestic matters. . . . From that we branched off upon the notice I had read in the morning papers of his mother's will, which gave everything to the unmarried sister who lived with her for many years. I told the President I thought I saw his handiwork in this disposition of his mother's property for the benefit of the one who

evidently needed it most. It is very sweet to get underneath the hard surface of public life and to drop into the homely currents which are common to the lives of us all. It is a striking characteristic in the President that he is so devoted to his family, a devotion which extends over to his large circle of personal friends. I tell him that it is the only fault I have to find with him; that he is inclined to be too good to his friends, at the risk sometimes of losing sight of that sterner virtue which made the Roman sacrifice his son.

During the day Senator Lodge dropped into the Department, tormented, as is not infrequently the case, with this eternal matter of the distribution of public offices. Lodge is a man of wealth, industry, brains, and good ambition. It is to his credit that with his large means and social opportunities he is so devoted to public life. It is not easy to understand how he can endure the subjection, which every such man is obliged to undergo, of his time and talents to so much that is petty and annoying in the demands which the public, and especially the office-seekers, make.

The eleventh of January gives us a picture of another Senator from Massachusetts.

In the evening Senator Hoar called upon me. He is a delightful man. His mind is stored with learning, especially on the lines of historical and biographical literature. He has the highest sense of

public duty, most chivalrous and unflinching courage of his convictions, and deservedly possesses the confidence of all with whom he is associated and of the people whom he represents. Some of his orations on special historic occasions ought to rank with those of Webster and Everett. Yet such is the changed condition of things, and in such an ocean of literary accumulation are we to-day submerged, through the newspapers, magazines, and multitudes of books, that nobody remembers one of his — or of anybody else's — addresses a week after it is delivered. Whereas the speeches of Webster were a part of the education of the people fifty years ago.

Senator Hoar's manner in speaking is not especially good. He stands with knees bending inwards, and with a quaint drone or whine in his voice. Neither his gesture nor his elocution is at all fine. It is fun to hear him sound the *u* like *oo* in such words as *constitution*.

I have often been struck with the fact that the Senator's judgment of men is not the best. I do not think he has the discriminating insight into personal character. He is inclined to be extravagant in his likings, much more, I think, than in his prejudices; which, of course, is a good fault. I think, too, that he is easily imposed upon by men in whom he takes stock. He is also inclined to be a hero-worshipper and extravagant in his praises when once launched upon adoration. Interesting himself in the story of Rufus Putnam, or some

other worthy, he is inclined to put him on a pedestal higher than that of George Washington or Benjamin Franklin. After perusing the Bradford manuscript,[1] he puts it next to the Scriptures; though why he stopped there, I am somewhat surprised. Evidently Shakespeare and Milton are entirely distanced.

How quickly men grow old! But a day or so ago he was a state senator from Worcester, under the dome of the Massachusetts State House; then one of the young representatives in Congress, distinguishing himself at the impeachment of General Belknap.[2] Now I sit with him an old man, his shoulders bent, his hair white and thin, although his mental vigor is entirely unquenched. He has led a noble life, rich in mental product and culture, though poor in this world's goods. He loves his library and is happy in the company of the poets, philosophers, and statesmen of the past; the gauds and shows of the world are not necessary to his happiness.

Much as he might have liked to do so, the Secretary of the Navy could not spend many evenings at home with such congenial visitors as Senator Hoar. A few social occasions were enjoyable in their way, but others were made endurable only by

[1] Governor Bradford's *Of Plymouth Plantation*. It was due primarily to Senator Hoar's efforts that the Bishop of London had recently presented the original manuscript to the Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

[2] During Grant's second administration, 1873–77.

Mr. Long's unfailing sense of humor. There was, for instance, a reception at the Russian Embassy on the evening of January the twelfth, "starting at quarter of ten." As this was "considerably later" than his usual hour for going to bed, the Secretary went reluctantly, accompanied by his wife and his daughter Helen.

A more dismal house for a reception is hardly possible. It was as barren as a barrack. As we were early, the thing looked a little meagre for a time. However, we entered the drawing-room, paid our respects to the Russian Secretary of Legation, to the wife of the Military Attaché, and one or two other officials, with whom conversation was brief and, owing to unfamiliarity with each other's language, not especially intelligible.

We sauntered past a shelf in the alcove, on which was a punch bowl, and behind it a servant to dip it out, and then wandered into a room too big for a drawing-room and too small for a hall, which was arranged for dancing. My niece, Julia Castle, and her husband were there; the fat Chinese minister, and his fatter wife; two Haitian women, with an abundance of hair and at least a sufficient exposure of the neck and shoulders to suggest the original Haitian maiden on her native heath and in her primitive costume.

By this time the rooms were comfortably peopled; the musicians were playing, and as others were waltzing I took a turn with Helen, much to

the amusement of everybody who saw me dance, and also to my own admiration. Inasmuch as Mr. Gary and Mr. Wilson of the Cabinet were there, I took great pleasure in thus intimating to them that they were old fellows while I was still a youth.

Washington was an interesting place of residence, and the Navy was an interesting department even in time of peace, but there were days when Mr. Long's thoughts bore him far away from the District of Columbia.

Most delightful morning; air fresh and clear, but almost as warm as spring-time. The climate in Washington has been very lovely during the winter, and a sharp contrast to the wind and storm, sleet and snow, and variation from warmth to extreme cold which prevails in the neighborhood of Boston, and a striking contrast also to the intenser cold of my birthplace in Maine. And yet I find myself continually longing to go back there for a taste now and then of the winter-time. I recall the landscape, continuously deep with the white snow: the roads winding their tortuous course between high drifts on either side; the crisp, clear mornings, and the frosty window-panes; the blue smoke rising straight and swift through the clear atmosphere, and all the familiar traces of the traditional New England winter landscape.

During the first part of the winter of 1898, as for

PRESIDENT McKINLEY AND HIS ORIGINAL CABINET

McKinley Gage Sherman McKenna Long Alger Wilson Bliss Gary

a long time previous thereto, matters in Cuba were in what Secretary Long termed "an earthquaky condition." As yet, however, there seemed to be no reason for action of any kind by the United States. One evening while this *status quo* prevailed there was a Cabinet dinner at Vice-President Hobart's.

Beautiful old-fashioned house, on Lafayette Square; charming rooms; one of the most exquisitely furnished tables I ever saw, with a wealth of roses and green leaves and other ornaments in the centre. The President is quiet; his wife, who is an invalid, is very gentle; the Vice-President is inclined to be humorous; the Secretary of State is getting a little forgetful and tells the same story twice. The rest of us sit around in the usual fashion, of rather dull commonplace. After the ladies retire, we smoke and talk trifles. There happens to be nobody who tells a good story; nobody who has the art of interesting monologue. My experience is that most men, and most gatherings of men, are not interesting. It is the rare man that can entertain his fellows, either in the way of pleasantry or instruction.

On January 24, 1898, the time seemed to have come when the Administration could and should make a slight change in its Cuban policy.

This has been an interesting day. The Cleveland

Administration, which left us the legacy of the Cuban imbroglio, had adopted the policy of having no United States vessel at Havana. The present Administration could not change this policy without a great deal of friction and risk; and yet it has been the purpose from the first to have a vessel at Havana, not only because our vessels ought to be going in and out of it like those of any other nation, it being a friendly port, but [also], in view of the possibility of danger to American life and property, some means of protection should be on hand.

Since the Spanish Ministry came into power, three or four months ago, the whole Spanish policy with reference to the island has been changed: autonomy has been granted, and a more liberal and humane course pursued. There has been an understanding that our Consul-General there, General Lee, might telegraph for a ship at any time, and telegraph directly to the commander of it at Key West in case of an emergency. For still further safeguard, it has been understood that if telegraphic communication was discontinued at Havana, it should be assumed that the cable had been cut, that Lee was in danger, and that a ship should at once proceed, without further order, from Key West.

All this has been a risky arrangement, and I have favored for some time suggesting to the Spanish Minister here that his Government recognize the wisdom of our sending a ship in a friendly way to Havana, to make the usual visit and to resume the

usual practice, which exists with all other nations, of free ingress and egress, to exchange courtesies and civilities with the Spanish authorities there, and to emphasize the change and the improved condition of things which have resulted from the new Spanish policy. To-day the Spanish Minister assented to this view, in conversation with the State Department. Judge Day[1] and I called on the President, and we arranged that the Maine should be ordered at once to Havana, notice having been given by the Spanish Minister to his people, and by our Department to our Consul.

Of course the sailing of the ship has made a great stir among the newspapers, and in public sentiment. We have carefully guarded, however, against any alarm, and, in our interviews, given assurance to the country that it is purely a friendly matter, and a resumption of customary relations. The newspapers try to discover some hidden meaning beneath this, as they always do, but it happens to be the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth. There is, of course, the danger that the arrival of the ship may precipitate some crisis or riot; but there is far less danger of this than if the ship went in any other way. I hope, with all my heart, that everything will turn out right.

Two days later his hopes seemed to be realized, and his justifiable concern over the visit of the

[1] Owing to Secretary Sherman's infirm condition, Judge Day, his First Assistant, had become virtual head of the State Department.

Maine to Havana gave way to less grave but more annoying matters.

Cable from Captain Sigsbee, commanding the Maine, in which he reports that much interest was manifested on the arrival of the Maine, military courtesies exchanged, and that everything went off pleasantly.

Senator Penrose comes in, and we come near striking fire about a little twopenny appointment of shipkeeper at $2.00 a day at the Philadelphia Navy Yard. Representative Butler wants it, and Penrose wants it. It is like a fight of wolves over a carcass. Shameful and disgracing picture: that a Senator of the United States should be running his legs off, wasting his time, when great questions are at stake, about this carrion of patronage — which very patronage only hurts, instead of helping his political prospects.

Mr. Long's administrative methods and a sketch of the Chairman of the Senate Committee on Naval Affairs are disclosed under the date of February second.

Went with Captain O'Neil, Chief of the Bureau of Ordnance, this morning before the Senate Committee on Naval Affairs, with regard to armor-plate. Of course I know nothing about it, and go through the perfunctory business of saying so, and referring the Committee to Captain O'Neil. When

I say I know nothing about it, I mean nothing about the details — which only an expert can know — of the process of manufacturing armor. I make [it] a point not to trouble myself overmuch to acquire a thorough knowledge of the details pertaining to any branch of the service. Such knowledge would undoubtedly be a very valuable equipment, but the range is so enormous I could make little progress, and that at great expense of health and time, in mastering it. My plan is to leave all such matters to the bureau chiefs, or other officers at naval stations or on board ship, limiting myself to the general direction of affairs. What is the need of my making a dropsical tub of any lobe of my brain, when I have right at hand a man possessed with more knowledge than I could acquire, and have him constantly on tap? At best there is enough for me to do, and to occupy my attention. Some of it is spent on important things, and a very large part on small things, especially personal matters — personal frictions, personal delinquencies, personal appeals, and personal claims.

Senator Hale is Chairman of the Senate Committee on Naval Affairs. He came from Turner Village, the next town to Buckfield where I was born. He went to Hebron Academy, as I did. He probably taught school; started a small law office; served several terms in the House of Representatives, and for a number of years has been Senator from the State of Maine.

Last summer in the Turner Village burying-

ground I saw the graves of his father and mother. On a neighboring hill is his father's homestead. Just under the hill in Buckfield, where I live, is the schoolhouse where his sister taught and he, on Friday nights, used to drive to carry her home. He married the daughter of Zach Chandler, and now enjoys the large fortune which furnishes him with a beautiful home here and a beautiful home in his native state.

Hale is an able man, has a strong, practical mind and a heap of hard sense and a clear way of putting things. He has made a good record as a politician and statesman, and deserves the honor he has acquired and the confidence which the people of Maine put in him.

The nature of some of the "small things — especially personal matters," with which the Secretary of the Navy was bothered appears in his journal for the fifth of February.

I am amused to-day with another exhibition of the jealousies of the army and navy corps. The Chief of the Bureau of Navigation comes in with a long face and says that the Navy are feeling very troubled over the fact that at the White House receptions, while two army officers and one marine officer take part in introducing the guests to the President and Cabinet and to their wives, there is no representative of the Navy proper. It also turns out that at the first reception, while General Miles,

head of the Army, was invited, the senior officer of the Navy was not invited. Also, that while no general invitations were extended to the naval officers, Commander Clover of the Navy, who has a rich wife with social affiliations, was there. Also that at the last reception, to which the chiefs of the various naval bureaus were invited and no others, there was an exception in the case of Lieutenant-Commander Buckingham, which is regarded as a discrimination against older officers than he. I suggest that this is undoubtedly due to the fact that Buckingham happens to be the son of a clergyman in Ohio, who, I think, performed the marriage ceremony at the President's wedding.

Just at this time in comes Roosevelt, laughing, who says that the naval officer in his office was very much aggrieved because, while Roosevelt, Assistant Secretary of the Navy, was not invited, a civilian clerk under him, whose salary is only some $1200 or $1600, and who married the daughter of a millionaire in Washington having social affiliations, was a guest. Roosevelt is too sensible a man to do more than to laugh at this. He recognizes that the President, like everybody else, ought to have the privilege of inviting whom he pleases to his own house, and that if he omits any, it is on the simple ground that he really does not see fit to invite them, or, if there is any reason why he should have done so, omitted them through an inadvertence.

Roosevelt amuses me also by saying that Gen-

eral Miles himself felt very much aggrieved, and the whole Army with him, at the fact that his particular seat at the recent White House dinner was not in the exact spot where he thought it ought to have been; and, what is funnier still, that Congressman Boutelle is still more aggrieved, and threatens never to attend another similar occasion, because he was given no lady to take out with him, but sat between two men.

Meantime the President has authorized me to select some naval officer to attend the reception, being very glad to comply with a request to that effect. I offer that place to two young lieutenants, who rather snobbishly decline it, and so I detail Southerland, of the Dolphin, who is a standby, and who always comes up to any demand that is made upon him.

These are the humors of public life.

Not long after this episode, the manner in which naval matters were prepared for the consideration of Congress led Mr. Long to write a few remarks concerning our governmental methods.

Went with Constructor Bowles before the House Committee on Naval Affairs, with reference to the New York Dry Dock which is under repair. A little room, overcrowded; much confusion; very little regularity in the proceedings; a good many people talking at the same time; and yet, after all, a great deal of information conveyed and digested.

How small the number is of those who have complete and accurate knowledge of any one subject! This committee, the naval eye and ear of the House, is charged with the important matter of the dry dock at New York. It is fair to say, with entire justice to them, that not more than two of them have anything more than a general confused notion that there is a dock there, and that it is out of repair and in process of reconstruction; probably not more than one has ever seen it. Yet the Committee are to pass upon questions involving thousands of dollars and important methods of construction, where any error may be followed by most disastrous consequences.

The international situation was progressing very well, from the point of view of peace-loving Americans, when a diplomatic error on the part of Spain increased the tension at what proved to be a critical moment. Under February tenth the incident is related.

Was obliged to withdraw acceptance of invitation to Agnes, Helen, and myself to dine this evening with the Spanish Minister. It appears that some time ago he wrote a private letter in which he made offensive references to the President. This letter has been obtained in some way and published. It, of course, makes the relations of the Spanish Minister with the Administration such that he can no longer remain, and he is obliged to

retire from his post. It is an unfortunate occurrence; an exceeding folly on the part of the Minister to write such a letter; a termination of what, hitherto, has been a useful term of service. He is a man of a good deal of ability, and seems to have conducted himself remarkably well. So it is that little things are obstacles that throw great movements off the track and sometimes lead to disaster.

The access of hostility occasioned by this now forgotten incident was increased a thousandfold by a great tragedy which occurred less than a week later. Although it took place on the evening of February fifteenth, it appears, of course, for the first time in Secretary Long's journal in the entry for the following day.

At half-past one o'clock last night Helen came into my room, returning from the ball, with a dispatch which had just been left at the house, bringing the terrible news that the U.S.S. Maine had blown up in the harbor of Havana, Cuba; many killed and more wounded, and the cause unknown. I was at once deluged with newspaper reporters and additional dispatches. Sent for Commander Dickins, of the Bureau of Navigation, who came in and, under my direction, telegraphed for some small vessels to go to the harbor to render assistance.

This is the most frightful disaster, both in itself and with reference to the present critical condition of our relations with Spain.

I am kept up until five o'clock by telegrams and calls from newspaper men.

This morning, at 9 o'clock, I call on the President, to whom I had sent full information before.

The journal for the next few days gives an excellent idea of public opinion in the late winter of 1898.

Wednesday evening, February 16. — This has been a busy day; a day of gloom and sadness. The Department has been thronged with callers, expressing sympathy and intense interest in the disaster to the Maine, in the harbor of Havana. The entire Spanish Legation called to express regrets, as did the British Ambassador and the Minister to Switzerland.

The records now show that 253 men, and two officers, were killed by the explosion.

The President has, of course, given up the usual receptions which were assigned for to-night and to-morrow night at the White House. I have been with him most of the day. Lunched with him and his family at the White House dining-room. Get a quiet evening, however, at home and retire early.

There is an intense difference of opinion as to the cause of the blowing up of the Maine. In this, as in everything else, the opinion of the individual is determined by his original bias. If he is a conservative, he is sure that it was an accident; if he is

a jingo, he is equally sure that it was by design. The former is sure that no design could have been carried out without discovery: the latter is equally sure that no accident could have happened in view of the precautions which are taken. My own judgment is, so far as any information has been received, that it was the result of an accident, such as every ship of war, with the tremendously high and powerful explosives which we now have on board, is liable to encounter. The best way, however, seems to be to suspend judgment until more information shall be had.

The occurrence suggests one important thing — and that is the frightful destruction of life and property which will hereafter accompany any naval or military engagement. In the old days a war vessel could be peppered all day long with comparatively little damage to ship or to crew. Now a battleship with five hundred men on board, fairly struck by one of the great projectiles, will probably go to the bottom and every life will be lost. This reflection ought to have weight with those who talk lightly of going to war. The illustration now afforded by this accident to the Maine gives food for sober reflection.

The saddest thing of all is the constant coming of telegrams from some sailor's humble home or kinspeople, inquiring whether he is saved, or asking that, if dead, his body may be sent home.

Thursday, February 17. — A trying and anxious day. No further developments as to the cause of

the disaster. The air is full of rumors. There is a great deal of outspoken, and a great deal more of suppressed, excitement. Still I think the good sense of the country is quieting down to a condition of patient waiting for facts and information.

The President sent for me this afternoon, to see if I had anything to give him. Am sorry to find him more oppressed and careworn than at any time since I have been in the Cabinet. Am afraid he is in danger of overdoing.

Friday, February 18. — I am really too much driven with the tremendous pressure of this disaster to the Maine to find time to write more than a word in my daily journal.

Members of Congress, and naval officers, and many others are continually calling, and the number of letters and telegrams has increased, and the newspaper men cluster like bees about me. Some of these newspaper men are men of excellent ability and good address. They are gathering information for the public, and it is hardly worth while to be impatient with them when they are really the avenues through which the public, very properly, gets its information. Some of them are of great adroitness in obtaining what they want; some are of great ability in their comprehension and digest[ion] of matters of public interest.

Attended Cabinet meeting this morning.

The House passed an appropriation, which I recommended, of $200,000 for raising the Maine.

Late this afternoon I gave out a statement of

facts to the reporters, intended to allay the disquietude occasioned by sensational newspaper articles.

Thus far everything has gone very smoothly and without friction.

VIII

THE TESTING OF THE NEW NAVY

When we look back upon the Spanish War and recall that uninterrupted series of victories on sea and on land, it is difficult to realize that, in the late winter and early spring of 1898, the prospect of a war presented disquieting possibilities. Secretary Long was not one to be made apprehensive easily, yet one aspect of the situation gave him not a little concern. Was this new navy, which had been constructed during the previous fifteen years, a practical navy? In time of peace it was decidedly ornamental, but what would become of these highly organized steel ships when put to the test of war? Would they drive the Spanish fleets off the seas, or would more than one share the fate of the Maine and go to the bottom as the result of a single explosion? As Mr. Long afterwards wrote: "The new navy of the United States was launched in the waters of uncertainty." The days of certainty were fast approaching.

War did not come until April, but war was in the air from the moment the American people learned of the blowing up of the Maine. On the twenty-fourth of February, Governor Long recorded in his diary the state of the public mind as it appeared to him.

Everything is under suspense. Public sentiment is very intense. While it is to the great credit of the country that it is so deliberative and prudent, yet underneath there is an intense excitement. The slightest spark is liable to result in war with Spain. While we shall undoubtedly overrun Cuba with our troops and prevail easily at sea in naval combat, the horrors and costs and miseries of war are incalculable; so much, too, especially in naval warfare, now depends upon chance and accident. Our great battleships are experiments which have never yet been tried and in the friction of a fight have almost as much to fear from some disarrangement of their own delicate machinery or some explosion of their own tremendous ammunition as from the foe.

The days that followed the destruction of the Maine were tremendously busy, and the possibilities of international conflict oppressed Mr. Long day and night. Being a sensible man he decided to take a day off, and consequently, on February twenty-fifth, he appointed Mr. Roosevelt Acting-Secretary of the Navy and left the Department early. How the experiment succeeded is best told in his journal for that day and the next.

These are trying times. In the evening Roosevelt, whom I had left as Acting-Secretary during the afternoon, came around. He is so enthusiastic and loyal that he is in certain respects invaluable; yet I lack confidence in his good judgment and dis-

cretion. He goes off very impulsively, and if I have a good night to-night I shall feel that I ought to be back in the Department rather than take a day's vacation.

On the following day: —

I had a splendid night last night, and return to the office both because I feel so much better and because I find that Roosevelt, in his precipitate way, has come very near causing more of an explosion than happened to the Maine. His wife is very ill and his little boy is just recovering from a long and dangerous illness; so his natural nervousness is so much accentuated that I really think he is hardly fit to be entrusted with the responsibility of the Department at this critical time. He is full of suggestions, many of which are of great value to me, and his spirited and forceful habit is a good tonic for one who is disposed to be as conservative and careful as I am. He seems to be thoroughly loyal, but the very devil seemed to possess him yesterday afternoon.

Having the authority for that time of Acting-Secretary, he immediately began to launch peremptory orders: distributing ships; ordering ammunition, which there is no means to move, to places where there is no means to store it; sending for Captain Barker to come on about the guns of the Vesuvius, which is a matter that might have been perfectly arranged by correspondence; sending

messages to Congress for immediate legislation, authorizing the enlistment of an unlimited number of seamen; and ordering guns from the Navy Yard at Washington to New York, with a view to arming auxiliary cruisers which are now in peaceful commercial pursuit. The only effect of this last order would be to take guns which are now carefully stored, ready for shipment any moment, and which could be shipped in ample time to be put on any vessel, and dump them in the open weather in the New York Navy Yard, where they would be only in the way and under no proper care.

He has gone at things like a bull in a china shop, and with the best purposes in the world has really taken what, if he could have thought, he would not for a moment have taken; and that is the one course which is most discourteous to me, because it suggests that there had been a lack of attention which he was supplying. It shows how the best fellow in the world — and with splendid capacities — is worse than no use if he lack a cool head and careful discretion.

Irrelevant to the approaching conflict, but illuminating in their own way, are our occasional glimpses of life in the White House. In 1898 Sunday was still the Sabbath, and was observed accordingly.

In the evening, went with Charley Allen and his wife to dine with the President and Mrs. McKinley

at the White House *en famille*. After dinner Mrs. Hiestand sang psalm-tunes at the piano in a melancholy voice, and the rest of us grumbled a faint accompaniment.

While the country awaited the decision of the naval court which had been appointed to inquire into the destruction of the Maine, the Administration received a conjectured explanation of the disaster. It probably approximated the truth as nearly as any we shall ever hear. Mr. Long heard it on the evening of the last day of February, when he was called to the White House.

Judge Day and the President are in session over a message from Havana, giving some probable explanation of the explosion. I send for Commodore O'Neil, who is familiar with explosives, being the Chief of the Bureau of Ordnance. General Lee [the American Consul-General at Havana] is very clearly of the opinion that the Spanish Government had no connection with or participation in the disaster. It is possible that some individual may have sunk a mine, which means a barrel or cask or two filled with guncotton — of which only some hundred pounds would be necessary — at a point where, in the course of her swinging, the hull of the Maine would hit it; and the explosion of this communicated with the magazine in which the saluting powder was kept, and blew that up. However, everything is still more or less a matter of

speculation; but I believe war will be averted, for I am satisfied that the Spanish Government is not responsible for the disaster.

Hoping for peace, Mr. Long nevertheless prepared for war. Congress appropriated $50,000,000 as an emergency fund for national defense, and the President placed more than half of this money at the disposal of the Secretary of the Navy.

It is marvelous what a quieting effect this has had. To-day, Tuesday [March 8], it passed the House by an absolutely unanimous vote, with no division of parties; nothing but an universal acclaim in behalf of the maintenance of the national honor, although really the measure may be called a peace measure. Anticipating its passage, I have, for the last two or three days, been overwhelmingly busy in making every arrangement for the most effectual efficiency of our naval force. Have ordered work to run night and day in the completion of our guns and gun carriages, and have given unlimited authority for the purchase and supply of powder and projectiles and other ammunition. Have arranged for the most abundant supply of coal, and have arranged for Commander Brownson to go at once to Europe with a view to preliminary negotiations for ships and naval supplies.

Half a dozen people who scent the opportunity to sell these things in behalf of foreign owners have been in to see me, and taken my time and that of

my bureau chiefs. The dealers are shrewd enough to circulate the rumor that Spain is buying ships and supplies, although on investigation this turns out to be rather unlikely, as her credit is poor and her bonds are worth only about fifty cents on the dollar, and she neither has nor seems able to obtain money. But everything of course has the stir of war. And yet, during the day advices from Madrid have been much more peaceful.

I cannot help thinking that this rather sublime exhibition of a nation rising in its might, not for the purpose of aggression, but in preparation for the national defense, and the appreciation of what it would be to come in conflict with such a power as ours, will have a mollifying influence on Spanish public sentiment. If that can be mollified, everything else is all right. The Queen, a good woman, mother and ruler, is anxious for peace; a liberal Spanish Ministry is evidently desirous for peace and has made every concession that we have asked, and if we can only allay the excitement of the Spanish public, a quiet result is to be hoped for.

It is interesting to note how Mr. Long prevented waste in the spending of the funds provided for the national defense.

There is naturally an inclination to use the Emergency Appropriation of $50,000,000 for other than emergency purposes and to improve the opportunity to increase the number of ships, supplies,

etc., on the grounds of general expediency. To prevent this, issue an order to all the bureaus, prohibiting any expenditure or incurring any liability except upon written statement and estimate, and approval of the President and myself.

If one thinks that the life of a Secretary of the Navy with an approaching war on his hands is enviable, he will be speedily disillusioned by this Secretary's journal for March fifteenth.

Busy day; of the same tenor as several days past. Incessant activity, constant conversation, pressure from the reporters, interviews about auxiliary ships, building new ships, passage of the Personnel Bill, and more things than I can remember to mention. Since the war-scare began, my mail is three or four times as great as it was. It is filled with tenders of services, applications for places, suggestions of new inventions, and advices of all sorts — songs from patriotic poets, advice as to official administration and even personal conduct.

Not until the last two weeks of March did Governor Long's expectations of a peaceful settlement begin to weaken. The cause of the change in his outlook during that fortnight appears under the date of April second.

It has been a period of incessant activity and pressure. The report of the Court of Inquiry upon

the Maine disaster has come in, to the effect that the explosion was from the outside and therefore willful and malicious. The report, however, is unable to fix the responsibility upon any person or persons. The result is intense feeling in Congress. It looks very much as if war might be precipitated without sufficient previous deliberation and, perhaps, without exhausting all means of a peaceable settlement. The President is under a weight which is almost more than man can bear, and for the last few days has shown a good deal of weariness and nervous strain.

For McKinley's overwrought condition there was indeed sufficient reason. On March 27 he proposed to the Spanish Government that it declare an armistice with the Cuban insurgents to continue until October first, during which period peace might be negotiated through the good offices of the President of the United States. The reply of the Spanish Cabinet was received on the night of the thirty-first. It declined McKinley's proposal, but offered to leave the preparation of Cuban peace to the insular parliament, which was to meet early in May, and to agree to an armistice in the meantime if asked for by the insurgents. Apparently McKinley's patience was exhausted by this "disappointing reception" of his overture for an immediate peace, and he decided to turn the matter over to Congress forthwith. A long message elucidating the situation and asking for power to intervene by

force if necessary, was sent to the Capitol on April eleventh. It is an interesting document, but quite as interesting is the light Mr. Long's journal throws upon its preparation.

Monday, April 4, 1898. — This evening at 8 o'clock there is a Cabinet meeting at the White House. The President reads us his message on the Cuban situation. I suppose it is the best he can do; yet it seems to me the narrative which he makes the basis of his conclusion leads to a very different result from that which he reaches. He is in a very trying situation. He has been robbed of sleep, overworked; and I fancy that I can see that his mind does not work as clearly and directly and as self-reliantly as it otherwise would.

Tuesday, April 5. — Cabinet meeting, at which the President goes over the Cuban situation. We are waiting to have the clerks copy the message which he is to send to Congress to-morrow. Meantime, with war imminent, the Americans in Cuba are very anxious about their safety, and Consul-General Lee is anxious that no message which might lead to war should go in until there has been an opportunity for American citizens to leave the Island. In this extremity it is always a matter of shying between Scylla and Charybdis. The country is so clamorous for action that the President cannot delay longer.

In the evening the President sends for me to meet him and Judge Day, the Attorney-General,

and the Secretary of the Interior, with reference to telegrams received from our Minister to Spain, General Woodford, that suggest a possible new phase of the situation. I do not yet despair of getting through the business without war. There is a great division of opinion. Most of the letters I get are very earnestly in favor of peace.

Wednesday, April 6. — At half past ten, go to the White House. The President just ready to send in his message when word comes from General Lee, our Consul at Havana, that if the message goes in suggesting intervention, with the possibility of war, American lives will be in danger in Cuba, and asking that the transmission of the message may be delayed until Monday next. Senators and Representatives are sent for and the matter explained to them, and it is agreed that the delay must be had. By this time it is half past one, and I lunch with the President.

. . . Congressman Lovering calls in the evening and reports the intense excitement which is hardly suppressed among the members of the House and Senate, who, in their turn, are violently pressed by their constituents for some positive action. Just what action, nobody seems to know.

Friday, April 8. — An unusually quiet Cabinet meeting. The fact is, everything is practically settled and we are all in a condition of waiting for Monday next, when the President's message is to go in.

Monday, April 11. — This morning we gathered

informally at the President's, where he completes his message, preparing to send it to Congress. I have had a little feeling that its conclusion was somewhat indefinite and hardly a *sequitur* from the argument which precedes it. Its transmission, however, transfers the excitement and tension from the Executive end of the government to the Legislative, and Congress must now deal with the subject.

When he wrote that McKinley's conclusion was a *non sequitur*, Governor Long expressed an opinion that was shared by not a few of his fellow countrymen. The President traced the course of his negotiations with Spain and showed encouraging progress. Then at the very point where one might have expected him to say, "Soon we may look for a satisfactory termination of the disturbances in Cuba without armed intervention on our part," McKinley suddenly announced, "The issue is now with the Congress. It is a solemn responsibility. I have exhausted every effort to relieve the intolerable condition of affairs which is at our doors. Prepared to execute every obligation imposed upon me by the Constitution and the law, I await your action."

On the other hand there were many people in the country, who, failing to make allowance for Spain's characteristic aversion to action of any kind, blamed the President for dallying so long with the government at Madrid. To a Boston editor who represented this point of view, Mr. Long wrote a

remarkable, confidential letter, defending his Chief's policy. It is dated April 15, 1898. If the President's message had been as logical and as direct, it is not impossible that war with Spain would have been avoided:—

I think the President has been very much misunderstood by the people to whom you refer and, as I gather from the tone of your letter, by yourself. It seems to me that you can hardly have a better review of the situation than that which is contained in Senator Hoar's most thorough, calm, and statesmanlike speech, delivered yesterday in the Senate. It seems to be forgotten that if there is a patriotic, true man in the country, it is President McKinley; that if anybody is familiar with the situation through long and careful attention to it, and by diplomatic correspondence, it is he. And yet such is your haste, and that of others like you, sincere and patriotic as you are, that you seem to assume at once that he is all wrong, and that if you only had the management of affairs it would be a great deal better. Very pat, it seems to me, is the anecdote attributed this morning to President Harrison, who says that it reminds him of a pilot steering a ship through dangerous shoals, and every passenger shouting at him, insisting upon his following their direction rather than his own.

Do you realize that the President has succeeded in obtaining from Spain a concession upon every ground which he has asked; that Spain has yielded

everything up to the present time except the last item of independence for Cuba; that she has released every American prisoner; recalled Weyler; recalled De Lome; changed her reconcentration order; agreed to furnish food; and ordered an armistice? It 's easy to say that all this means nothing; but evidently in the eyes of every Power in Europe, at whose request some steps have been taken, it means a great deal. You cannot expect her to get up and get out in five minutes; but, if the history of the last six months means anything, it means constant steps towards her retirement. In this direction the President has gone with the most thorough decision, persistence and fidelity. I honestly believe that if the country and Congress had been content to leave the matter in his hands, independence would have come without a drop of bloodshed, as naturally as an apple falls from a tree.

It is true that he has endeavored to accomplish this without war. The unutterable evils incident to war — the loss of life, disease, wounds, debts, increased pension rolls, interruption of business, possible entanglement with foreign nations, easy victory over the enemy's battle-forces but constant subjection to raids upon our coast and shipping by their cruisers and privateers, and the indefinite protraction of such conditions — all these, while they are to be counted as nothing if the necessity exists, become very serious considerations if by any good management on the part of the President he could

have avoided them and yet have accomplished the result that would have been satisfactory to everybody. I wish you or the *Journal* could sustain him with your hearts and take this large view of the situation. Possibly events have now gone so far that nothing can be done but to have a fight.

It seems to me cruel to accuse the President of coolness in his treatment of the Maine. No man has felt the indignity more. But should we not think for a moment whether the time has come when he could recommend a declaration of war on that ground? Our own Court of Inquiry reports its inability to point to any persons who are responsible. Our Consul-General Lee emphatically states that the Governor-General of Cuba had no participation in the act; and he had previously telegraphed to the President that there was no participation in the matter officially on the part of the Spanish authorities. My own judgment is not only that, as the Court found, she was blown up from an exterior explosion, but that it was done by some malignant Spaniards without the authority of their Government, and that Spain is responsible because of a lack of due care and diligence in not safeguarding our vessel. But this is very different from an act of the Spanish Government itself in blowing up our ship.

As to the matter of recognition of independence, there never has been a time when the President could do that. Even Consul-General Lee has given his opinion that there should be no recognition of

Cuban independence. We can't recognize independence on the part of a people who have no Government, no capital, no civil organization, no place to which a representative of a foreign Government could be sent. The President has, therefore, taken the next ground, which is the ground of intervention. He asked for the power to intervene with force if that should be necessary. But he certainly ought to have time, meanwhile, before the final intervention with arms — which everybody would justify, if necessary — to see if the trend towards pacific settlement and final independence, which was going on, and which foreign Powers were evidently aiding, would not succeed.

But Congress was not so patient as the Secretary of the Navy. By a joint resolution, passed on the nineteenth of April, it recognized the independence of the people of Cuba and authorized the President to compel Spain to withdraw from the Island. As Spain could hardly accept this edict and preserve her self-respect, war followed within a day or two. In the short interim the Navy Department and the White House were busy places.

Wednesday, April 20. — An unusually busy morning. A great number of Senators and Congressmen calling. Parties coming in to sell ships, and an incessant drive.

At 3 o'clock, go with Admiral Sicard and Commodore Crowninshield to confer with the President,

who has also the Secretary of War and General Miles. It reminds me of what must have been a similar scene in the early days of our Civil War, when President Lincoln was surrounded by military advisers who were all at sixes and sevens. At present it seems as if the Army were ready for nothing at all. They suggest that they will not be ready to act in Cuba for a couple of months, owing to a lack of proper drill and preparation. Then, too, General Miles advises against their going at all until the Spanish fleet is disposed of, as, if it should succeed in crippling our own, our soldiers on the Island would be cut off from means of returning home. It is much easier to suggest how not to do it than how to do it. At any event the burden is likely to fall upon the Navy. I am inclined to think that if war actually comes, the country will demand that our soldiers make a landing and do something.

On the following day, April twenty-first, war really began.

One of the busiest days of the season. Appoint Captain Sampson an Acting-Admiral. Telegraph him to move at once to blockade Cuba, which, of course, is the beginning of the war.

Postmaster-General Gary resigns on account of ill health.

Am with the President and other officers of the Cabinet, determining on the opening movements of the scene.

My Naval War Board, consisting of Roosevelt, Crowninshield, Sicard, Barker, and Clover, meet to discuss the formulation of preliminary orders.

So busy that I get my lunch at the lunch-counter in the basement of the Department.

Half past four, the President walks with me for an hour through the streets. Says it is the longest walk he has taken since he has been in Washington, and he feels better for it. He opens his heart to me, with reference to the struggle through which he has been and the anxiety it has involved.

A week or so before hostilities commenced, the Secretary of the Navy had had a taste of the kind of pressure he was likely to experience repeatedly when war should become an actuality.

This morning Congressman Brumm calls with a delegation of Pennsylvanians to urge the use of anthracite, instead of bituminous, coal on board ships. It is interesting to note how every section of the country, although all are patriotic, has an eye on the main chance. Anthracite coal is found only in Pennsylvania. It would be impossible to provide our ships, when they were away from our own coast, with anthracite, because it could not be procured; while bituminous coal, which is found everywhere, is always accessible.

Later in April there were other — many other — visitors with axes to grind. Three or four examples

will suffice to evoke the reader's sympathy — and to increase his respect — for Secretary Long.

Am under heavy pressure from all sides, to assign vessels for the protection of different localities. Senator Frye, who has been a blazing Jingo, shouting for war, comes in with an appeal that a vessel be sent down to protect points along the coast which he represents. Senator Chandler, another Jingo, wants to have Portsmouth specially protected. People are learning that war is serious business.

The last day of the month happened to be particularly trying in this respect.

Office thronged with callers all forenoon; mostly senators and members, in behalf of candidates for acting appointments in the service. Vice-President Hobart comes in to tease me about an appointment; Senator Hanna to tease me about the purchase of a vessel belonging to his brother. It is a good vessel, and worthy of purchase — and yet I wish he could see the wisdom of not meddling with such matters while he is a Senator of the United States.

In the meantime interesting changes in the personnel of the Administration took place or were foreshadowed.

Monday, April 25. — Rainy day. Special meeting

of the Cabinet, with reference to the message of the President, recommending resolutions declaring the existence of war, in order to fix international status, etc.

Secretary Sherman resigns to-day. His age has rendered him too infirm for the discharge of his duties. It is rather a sad termination of one of the most useful careers of American statesmen. No man has deserved more of his country. He has been of little use in the Cabinet; now and then a flash of his old strength, but generally quiet, retiring, and silent. Judge Day, who has been his First-Assistant, and who has been doing the duties of the office, will succeed him.

My Assistant-Secretary, Roosevelt, has determined upon resigning, in order to go into the army and take part in the war. He has been of great use; a man of unbounded energy and force, and thoroughly honest — which is the main thing. He has lost his head to this unutterable folly of deserting the post where he is of the most service and running off to ride a horse and, probably, brush mosquitoes from his neck on the Florida sands. . . . And yet how absurd all this will sound, if by some turn of fortune he should accomplish some great thing and strike a very high mark!

At some later date Mr. Long wrote at the bottom of this page:

P. S. — Roosevelt was right, and we, his friends,

were all wrong. His going into the army led straight to the Presidency.

The Secretary of the Navy once described the activity of those April days as a "great mixture of patriotism and push," and the continuous rush of work at the Department was beginning to wear upon him when extraordinarily glad tidings reached Washington.

Monday, May 2. — News comes of an attack by the Asiatic squadron upon Manila, capital of the Philippine Islands, the annihilation of the Spanish fleet and the practical surrender of the city. This victory inspires great enthusiasm. It is true it is achieved by a vastly superior force, but the Spaniards showed pluck and fight; and as our fleet was obliged to take the enemy's under the shelter of their fort, it was a gallant and splendid success. Everybody is rejoicing and the President is gratified. We have as yet no official report, but look eagerly forward to it in the hope that it will confirm the good news.

Day after day passed, but the official report from Dewey came not. Meanwhile the suspense and excitement at Washington were tremendous, and officials sometimes got a little on each other's nerves.

Thursday, May 5. — Showers; April weather.

Usual run of business. In the afternoon somebody comes on from New York, representing the Naval Militia, and has a discussion with Roosevelt, in my room, as to an amendment to be added to the Auxiliary Naval Bill. Illustrates one of Roosevelt's lacks. He shouts at the top of his voice, and wanders all over creation. The harangue fails to meet the exact point. His forte is his push. He lacks the serenity of discussion.

Friday, May 6. — Cabinet meeting this morning. To make the record of the Navy complete, I present a letter which I have written to the Secretary of War, stating that the Navy is ready to convoy any force of forty or fifty thousand men to Cuba, and urging the War Department to take active steps. Secretary Alger, Secretary of War, takes some offense very naturally. He intimates that the War Department will take care of itself without any interference from the Navy. I meet this with good nature, and simply suggest that my purpose is to show the readiness of the Navy, as I do not wish the impression to go abroad that there is any delay on our part.

Alger is a very generous and sanguine man. He has been the most active of all members of the Cabinet for war. For two months he has been saying that he would have his army ready in ten days — whereas, in fact, not a volunteer has left his state, and in my judgment there has been a striking lack of preparation and promptness. I have n't the slightest doubt that, if the Army would put fifty

thousand men across upon Cuban soil, we could have Havana and the Island of Cuba at once.

Quiet evening at home.

The new First Assistant-Secretary of State, Mr. Moore, who is admirably adapted to his duties and by all means the most accomplished man that has yet been connected with that Department, comes around about ten o'clock to confer with regard to the release of the steamer Lafayette.

Finally, on Saturday, May seventh, word came from Dewey. Probably nothing Mr. Long ever wrote is more illustrative of his character than the reflections which appear in his journal for that day. To fully appreciate them one should remember that after Manila Bay, Secretary Long, as head of the Navy, was second to Dewey alone in national popularity.

First thing this morning are two telegrams from Commodore Dewey, confirming the story of his overwhelming victory at Manila : the utter destruction of all the enemy's vessels, eleven in number, and the suppression of the forts. He has the city at his command. The country is wild with enthusiasm over this victory. The President, of course, is delighted. We are actively engaged in preparing reinforcements of men, munitions of war, and supplies for the Asiatic squadron.

In all such great events the praise or the blame, as the case may be, is very unequally distributed.

This is a glorious achievement, redounding specially to his credit. No man could have done better or deserved more. Had the enterprise failed, it would have been his ruin. Yet in either case the responsibility runs out to an infinite number of others. Nobody now thinks of my four immediate predecessors who have brought the Navy up to the condition it now is. Nobody thinks of the patience and thoroughness with which our ships have been equipped and armed, and our ordnance brought to the highest state of efficiency by officers here at home, men whose names will never be mentioned. Little thought even is given to the officers and men who, by their gallantry and skill, have won the immediate victory.

IX

SANTIAGO

As the month of May, 1898, progressed, the national exhilaration created by Dewey's victory in Manila Bay subsided, and the attention of the public centred once more upon the military and naval situation in and about Cuba. As far as the Navy was concerned the American people found complaint impossible, but the Army was not so satisfactory. The commanders were blamed for inaction, and the War Department was blamed for incompetency. Where the trouble really lay is revealed, charitably but clearly, in the pages of Secretary Long's journal for the spring and summer of that interesting year.

Monday, May 9. — Captain Mahan, on the retired list, returns under orders from abroad for duty on the War Board. He has achieved great distinction as a writer of naval history, and has made a very thorough study of naval strategy. No naval officer stands higher to-day. Yet I doubt very much whether he will be of much value practically. He may be, or he may not. That remains to be seen.

Attend Cabinet meeting at the White House, in which we consider some questions of the terms of peace, in case it shall become practicable.

Tuesday, May 10. — Another unusually busy day, if this is not an Hibernianism. Incessant drive from morning until night. Arrangements are making for military attack upon Cuba. I learn to my utter amazement that it is to be made to-morrow, and not a word has been said to me about furnishing a convoy. I make a row, and the President gets General Alger and General Miles to meet him, and the thing is postponed, so that notice may be given me to furnish convoy. Our ships are all ready, but we must at least have notice when and where they are wanted.

Wednesday, May 11. — Mr. Oliver H. P. Belmont, one of the rich Belmont family, offers to build and give to the Government for use during the war a boat of special design for the projection of air torpedoes; but it is upon condition that the Government furnish the accompanying guns and ammunition, and that he be commissioned in the Navy and placed in command. This is a patriotic offer and made, I am sure, from patriotic motives, and yet is not an available offer. In the first place it is an offer of a ship only during the war. It is an offer of a new design which, possibly, some boat-builder may desire to get into notice. It involves the use of very high explosives which have never been used in this or any other navy, and are exceedingly dangerous. My Board on Construction recommends very positively against it. If once built, and the war over, the Government would probably be asked to buy it. Then, too, it would be a mani-

fest impropriety to take this young man from private life and make him captain of one of the United States vessels. It would hardly be fair to our naval officers. I am compelled, therefore, to recommend that the President decline the offer.

Friday, May 13. — The crisis approaches, and the clouds thicken. We get advices that the Spanish fleet are off Martinique, where they have got coal from lighters, forwarded to them there by their government. One of our scouting boats, the Harvard, is blockaded by them in St. Pierre, Martinique. Admiral Sampson has attacked San Juan and Porto Rico, and while he has fired a good many shells and done some damage to fortifications, he has not succeeded in silencing the fort, or destroying the coal pile there. He has undoubtedly acted with great prudence, as he could not afford to have his ships crippled, in view of the possibility of an engagement with the Spanish fleet. Still, the thing strikes me as rather a failure, and we await the results with deep concern.

I think one reason for the efficiency of this Department is that there is no military head who is in friction with the Secretary of the Navy, the civil head; and also that our Bureau officers are liable to rotation once in four years. The result of the latter is that good men are retained, but that changes are always possible if a man does not quite fill the bill, or if there is a call for him somewhere else. When Admiral Walker called the other day, I gathered that what he desired — being, perhaps, the ablest

retired officer in the Navy — is a position as Commander-in-Chief of the naval forces. I doubt the expediency of this, as it would result in the friction which now exists in the War Department, with the Secretary of War always at swords' points with the General of the Army.

Thursday, May 19. — A busy morning. Attend a meeting of the Naval War Board. Captain Mahan is on the rampage again. He is very frank and manly; does not go round Robin Hood's barn, but blurts out his entire dissatisfaction with the entire Naval War Board. Says that he is exhausting his brains in discussion. I ask him what he wants, and he says he wants some one man appointed Chief-of-Staff to take the whole responsibility of the Naval War Board, to advise with others, but to have the determination of things in his own hands. I ask if this won't require just as much discussion, and he says, "Yes"; just as much exhaustion of brain power, and he says, "Yes."

Friday, May 20. — I attend Cabinet meeting, but there is nothing to do. I am satisfied that a Cabinet officer, as a first requisite, should not be too old, and should have great physical vigor. The President took four cripples into his Cabinet and made a mistake: Mr. Sherman, the Secretary of State; Mr. Alger, the Secretary of War; Mr. Gary, Postmaster-General; and myself, Secretary of the Navy. Two have left; the third is hardly able to meet the requirements of his position, and, if I have

succeeded at all, it is because I have improved in physical health. I am satisfied, too, that it is not necessary that a Cabinet officer should be specially familiar with the scope of his Department before assuming its duties. He is really the representative of his Department in the councils of the Administration, and does not so much represent the Department before the people as he represents the people in the Department. The great need in every Department is thorough organization, so that the requirement in a Cabinet officer is the faculty of system and organization. I have a notion, perhaps because I do it myself, that he should be a man who clears his table every night and lets nothing accumulate; that while he has the final decision and must keep a level head, it is his business to give his Bureau officers great power and hold them to very strict responsibility.

For my first year here I was trying to make, and was making, a record for economy. When the war was first probable, I called in such Bureau officers as the Chiefs of Ordnance, Equipment, Medicine and Surgery, etc., and asked them what funds they needed, and then told them that they might have anything within that bound and that they would be held to strict personal responsibility; that so far as their Bureau was concerned, the Navy must be in the most efficient condition. The result was admirable. Whether we succeed or fail, everything has been done that can be done with the means at our disposal to render the Navy efficient.

But even the best-regulated Departments are not free from minor annoyances, such as that to which Mr. Long was subjected a few days later.

Senator Penrose and Congressman Bingham of Philadelphia call with their usual whine about petty places in the Navy Yard. They make more trouble than all the rest of Congress. Their whole time is devoted to little, petty matters of appointing laborers at $1.50 or $2.00 a day. They complain constantly that some Democratic officials in the yard are interfering, and yet are utterly unable to specify a single case, or bring me the least proof. What they really want is to get a man of their own in, so that they may run things in their own interest. The whole Philadelphia spirit in this thing is very cheap. Bingham is a very able man. Penrose seems to have no other notion except to hunt places for his followers. It is a mighty poor commentary on Pennsylvania politics.

But to return to the difficulties of the War Department.

Thursday, May 26. — The President called together the Secretary of War, General Miles, myself, and the Naval War Board. We met at the White House and went with the President over the whole situation, from the Philippines to Porto Rico. Secretary Alger, who at the last Cabinet meeting announced that he had 75,000 men ready to put into

Cuba, now says that they are not prepared and will not be for some two or three weeks. Alger is an enthusiastic, patriotic, and spirited man, but does not seem to have things in hand. There is friction between him and his officers, from which the Navy is entirely free. He is apt to promise a great deal more than he can execute, simply because he is not thoroughly informed as to his own resources and preparations.

About the first of June the journal took the form of copies of daily letters written by Mr. Long to absent members of his family, and it was continued after that manner until his return to private life four years later. This explains the occasional appearance of the second person. Otherwise the substance of the journal is hardly affected by the change of method.

On the third of June the Secretary received oral information from Santiago. His visitor was the commanding officer of the cruiser St. Paul, who is better remembered as the captain of the Maine at the time of her destruction.

Captain Sigsbee called on me yesterday, fresh from Santiago de Cuba. He had brought his ship to New York to be coaled. It was interesting to see a man, and such a man, from the immediate scene of events; and yet on the other hand there was absolutely nothing he could tell me that we did not already know. I think we have the Spanish fleet

cooped up, and that if we can destroy or capture it, it will go a great way towards closing the war.

A few days later: —

The Navy is doing splendidly at Santiago. But between you and me and the Doctor and Mr. Snyder [Mr. Long's secretary], we are in utter despair about the delay of the Army. Sampson telegraphs every day, pleading for troops which were promised nearly ten days ago. His men are baking under that hot summer sun; he is exhausting his coal and ammunition; and all we can say to him each day is that the Army promises to move the next.

The Secretary of the Navy was conscious of the efficiency of his Department, but with modesty and honesty he attributed much of its success to other officers than himself.

As to the credit for the readiness of our Navy, it belongs neither to Mr. Roosevelt nor to myself. I get some credit because I am at the head; Roosevelt, because he was such an active fellow in other things. But in that particular respect the whole credit belongs to the Chiefs of the Bureaus, like O'Neil of Ordnance, and Bradford of Equipment, and the others, who have been indefatigable in their work, who have made splendid provision, and who probably won't get a particle of credit. Such is the injustice of the world.

Not always did Governor Long enjoy the calls of senators and congressmen at the office, but one occasion of this kind, on the seventeenth of June, afforded him amusement at any rate.

Senators Platt and Hawley of Connecticut and Representative Sperry of the same state came in, all emphatic in their demand that a young man from Connecticut be appointed a temporary Assistant-Paymaster.

I said, "Why, I have just appointed one man from your state — Mr. Payne."

They all shouted, "Who's Payne?" as if I had trespassed upon their rights in appointing a man they had not suggested.

I said, "Why, Senator Hawley recommended him."

Whereupon Senator Platt turned upon Hawley and said, "You ought not to sign this way," and rather reprimanded him — as a stern man in middle life reprimands an old gentleman who is approaching his second childhood.

I then added, "I think the President's private secretary, Mr. Porter, recommended him."

This seemed to enrage Senator Platt still more, who said, "This matter of Porter's interfering with appointments should be stopped." He also suggested, generally, that the whole thing must stop, and that everything was going wrong.

I said, "Let me send for the papers." Thereupon Senator Hawley, who seemed to dread seeing his

name at the bottom of a petition, suggested that it was very important to him to get to the Senate, where he had important business.

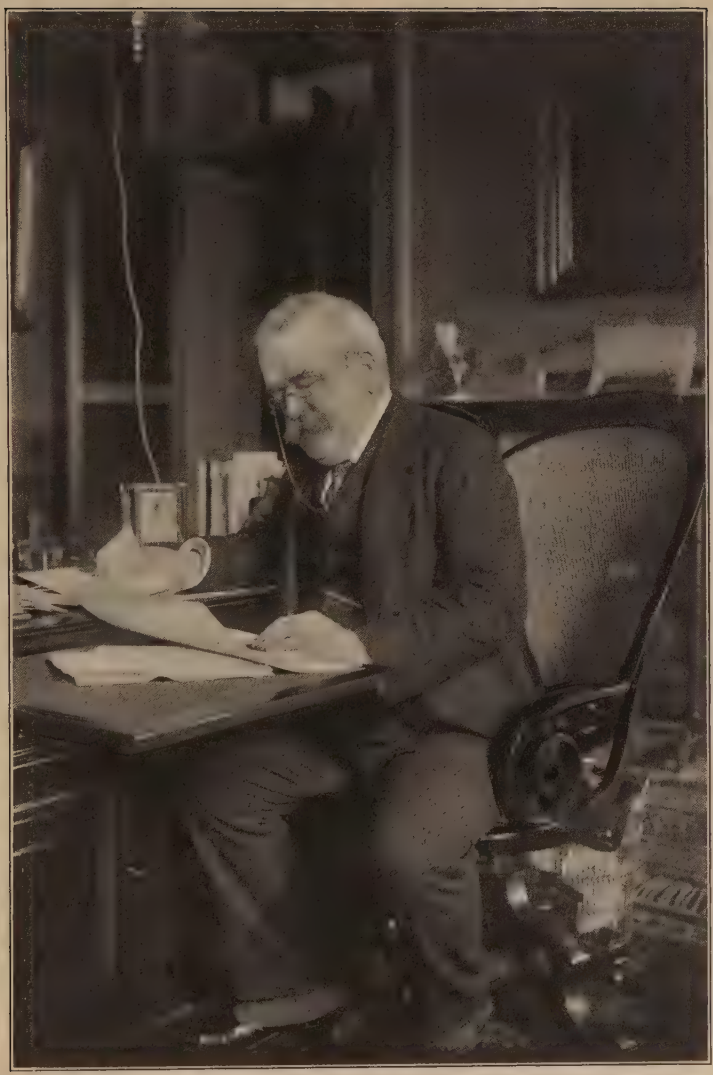
Senator Platt very earnestly said, "No, I want to see those papers."

The papers were brought in, and lo! the appointment was recommended by Senator Hawley, Senator Platt, Representative Sperry and other Representatives from Connecticut; and modestly at the bottom of the list was the name of poor Porter. The tables were turned. Senator Platt said all he could do was to apologize. Senator Hawley evidently was glad that he had n't yielded to the pressing business which called him to the Senate, and suddenly all of them remembered the young man, who was the son of a personal friend of theirs and a most admirable selection for the place; and so they went off.

Excerpts chosen here and there from the letters constituting the journal reproduce the atmosphere of that expectant June.

June 19. — I was detained at the White House yesterday afternoon at a meeting of the Secretary of War, General Alger, and my Naval War Board, making arrangements for further military activities. The President is very desirous to make an attack upon Porto Rico, but I am inclined to think we [would] better dispose of Santiago first.

June 22. — Yesterday was Cabinet day. It is



SECRETARY LONG IN HIS OFFICE AT THE NAVY DEPARTMENT

amusing how little we are doing here, and how quiet our Cabinet meetings are — all owing to the feeling of expectancy and waiting, which is upon us all.

June 27. — The Secretary of War bothers me now and then. He is like an unthrifty neighbor who wants to borrow the thrifty neighbor's shovel and hoe and horse. He teases me for my large cruisers, which I took from the American Line running to England and have fitted up with guns. I could not help laughing Saturday afternoon when he came in and said that his troops at Santiago had all landed, thanks to the aid of the Navy, but that the Army had no means of landing its provisions and stores. He said he was going to send a tug and a lighter for this purpose, and wanted to know if I could furnish convoy for them. That I soon arranged. Whereupon he said, "By the way, can't you lend me a lighter and a tug?" — evidently forgetting that he had intimated that he had them to be convoyed. So I furnish these also. It does seem, however, as if there has been an infinite amount of unpreparation in important details.

June 28. — We are arranging an expedition to Spain, to show ourselves in that quarter. The war drags on and, I fear, is likely to drag on, although if we are successful at Santiago, as we expect to be, — and especially if we take Porto Rico, — we shall have things pretty much in our own hands.

Then came that stimulating Fourth of July,

when the American people learned what had happened at Santiago on the previous day.

We, too, have had an exciting Sunday. The morning was very gloomy, with Shafter's dispatch that he was falling back and that Cervera's fleet had escaped. That night the President received a dispatch from him stating that "all the Spanish fleet, with the exception of one warship destroyed and burning on the beach." The President translated it that the whole fleet had escaped, with but one exception. I immediately took the other ground: that the whole fleet was destroyed, with one exception. And I ventured to guess that when he got the report from Sampson he would find that that one had not escaped, but had been overtaken and destroyed. It turned out as I suggested, and yesterday you got the glorious news which I sent you by telegraph, and which I hope you sent up to the Hingham celebration.

I can give you very little idea of the intense excitement here, and the feeling of triumph which is in the air. I do hope that Spain will see the idleness of further contest, and that we are on the eve of peace.

As a matter of fact we were on the eve of peace, but it turned out to be the darkest period of the conflict. The city of Santiago did not surrender until two weeks later. In the meantime, and indeed afterward, there were awkward moments for the

War Department. One of these occurred on the thirteenth of July.

We had a long sit-down of two or three hours, beginning with the President, myself, Admiral Sicard, and Captain Mahan on the one side, and General Alger on the other — terminating in a meeting of the whole Cabinet. We are all pained at the delays at Santiago. Our men there are up to their knees in water one minute, and under the blaze of the sun the next. The commanding officers have been ordered over and over again to bring the matter to a head, but they delay — perhaps for a good reason, although we are inclined to think the Spanish commander is tricking them along with truces and offers of terms of surrender.

There was a very pretty scrimmage between Captain Mahan and Secretary Alger. Alger began his usual complaint about the Navy. We have furnished him transports to carry his men, on account of his own neglect in making provision for transportation. We have landed them; have helped him in every way we can; and have destroyed the Spanish fleet. Now he is constantly grumbling because we don't run the risk of blowing up our ships by going over the mines at the entrance of Santiago harbor and capturing the city, which he ought to capture himself, having some 20,000 troops against perhaps 5000 or 6000. Of course the Navy ought to help all it can, and it is under orders to do so.

But Mahan, at last, lost his patience and sailed

into Alger; told him he did n't know anything about the use or purpose of the Navy, and that he did n't propose to sit by and hear the Navy attacked. It rather pleased the President, who, I think, was glad of the rebuke. The matter was at last settled by an order to the Commanding Officer of the Army in Santiago, and to-day I think something will be done one way or the other — that is, either a surrender made on our terms or an assault begun.

In the margin Governor Long added the following postscript in his own hand.

Since I dictated this, Sec. Alger has come in. He apologized for his attitude yesterday. And he seemed so dejected at the condition of the troops under the risk of yellow fever and at the burdens which are on them, that my heart was touched for him. He is a sanguine, generous man, but the task — and it is a tremendous one — is too much for him.

July 22. — There is little more to be said than that the expedition is fairly launched against Porto Rico, and that there things are in a condition of suspense.

I do all I can, as head of a Department, to discourage the frictions that arise. There is undoubtedly a good deal of indefinite feeling of disquiet on the part of the Army. The Navy has won the two great, unprecedented victories of the war. As to

the third military occurrence, — the capture of Santiago, — while there have never been finer exhibitions of individual courage and merit shown in the Army, it is a fact that there has rarely been in history a more inefficient defense than the Spaniards made to the siege of that town. They had ample troops, ample ammunition — having now already surrendered ten million cartridges — and, though reduced in supplies, were not at all reduced in comparison with many previous historic examples. I think they should have held out longer anyway. But undoubtedly one reason for their yielding under these circumstances is, as Commander-General Toral said, that they saw outside their harbor fifty-seven sails of American warships; and the Navy was so certain to break into the harbor and destroy their town that it perhaps justified their surrender. Thus even this third achievement is with the coöperation of the Navy.

But I find the feeling I have referred to cropping out. The Navy has been of great service to the Army. We have loaned them our splendid liners for transports. When they arrived at Santiago, we landed their troops in one day, when, as they say themselves, they could not have landed them in ten. We have loaned them lighters and tugs. When we have carefully taken these to Santiago and turned them over to the Army Quartermaster, he has — I suppose from his unfamiliarity with such things — succeeded in running the lighter on the rocks within twenty-four hours after getting it.

Miles has kept telegraphing to the War Department that the Navy would not furnish him a sufficient convoy, when Sampson had already furnished him with as much as was necessary. But such has been his clamor that the President ordered me yesterday to give him a couple of heavy ships, which has been done, and I hope he is on his way to Porto Rico.

As I said, I endeavor to belittle these causes of friction as much as possible. It is entirely natural that the Army officers should look for successes and be a little impatient that the Navy has secured so many. There are splendid fellows among them, and they will make a fine mark whenever they get the chance.

The unfortunate Sampson-Schley controversy, which developed soon after the naval battle of July third, prevented Admiral Sampson from receiving the national recognition that was his due. To whom the credit for the destruction of Cervera's fleet should be given was as clear to the Secretary of the Navy, in July 1898, as it was to President Roosevelt when he gave the final decision, in February 1902. Mr. Long's views were well expressed in his letter of July twenty-seventh.

You will read in this morning's papers the reports of Sampson and Schley and Captains Evans and Clark. If you will read the appended orders under which the fleet was acting, you cannot fail

to see that the whole battle was the culmination of the careful preparation on the part of Admiral Sampson, which had been going on for weeks, and that when the enemy appeared, the exact action was taken that had been outlined by him previously. So well was the thing arranged that if Sampson had been a thousand miles away, and Schley had been in Europe, the movement would have been the same. I am inclined to think it might be said that even if every Captain had been away, his next in command, the Executive Officer, would have achieved the same results.

Nobody can easily appreciate the thorough discipline and high character of the personnel of our Navy. I am sure nobody appreciates the painstaking and comprehensive and exacting work which has been done by Admiral Sampson as the Commander-in-Chief. Few realize the variety of his duties. They do not consist merely of a fleet in action, but in the management of the whole patrol of the Cuban coast; the assignment and position of ships not only at Santiago, but everywhere else within that range; the attention to details of discipline and order; the maintenance of blockade; and the great correspondence not only with the Department here but with his own scattered ships.

A letter, dated September sixteenth, bears indirectly on this subject and also gives another aspect of the fight off Santiago.

Yesterday morning I received a pleasant call from Captain Evans of the Iowa. He makes some rather startling disclosures with regard to the inefficiency of Commodore Schley when he was in command of the squadron off Santiago, before the arrival of Sampson. He drew also a striking comparison between his sailors during the fight — swearing like pirates, intense with the battle fervor, and referring to the Maine every time a shot was fired — and their conduct as soon as the battle was over — great, stout fellows rescuing the Spanish sailors with the utmost heartiness, and, as they lifted the bodies of drowning or wounded men, saying to one another, "Be careful of that leg," or "Look out for his arm."

Since politics prevented Admiral Sampson from ever receiving the official gratitude of the American people, there is sufficient reason, perhaps, for giving two later glimpses of him — and Mr. Long's consequent reflections.

December 29. — As I walked past the Arlington yesterday morning, I met Dr. Rixey, who had just come from a call on Admiral Sampson. On arriving at New York, the Admiral had come to Washington to pay his respects to the Department. And, partly owing to bad weather, — and partly, perhaps, to the change of climate, — he had an attack of grippe or cold. I called on him at noon. I went up two flights of stairs, walked through various

hallways, and at last was ushered into his chamber. There he lay propped up in bed — no one with him; the room rather barely furnished, and a general air of desolation. I could not help thinking of the contrast between his surroundings and his position during the recent war as Admiral of the Atlantic fleets. More naval responsibilities have fallen upon him than any other officer — even Dewey, whose naval work was practically over in half an hour. Sampson commanded one hundred ships where Dewey commanded half a dozen, and had upon him the three labors of maintaining blockade, landing the military forces, and coöperating with the Army in its attack on Cuba, and the pursuit and destruction of the Spanish Atlantic Fleet.

December 30. — Yesterday afternoon Admiral Sampson, who thinks he is better, came to the Department and I called with him upon the President. Really I see nothing more pathetic than the Admiral. He is worn to skin and bone. His eyes are large and almost appealing. I fancy he half totters as he walks. I felt a sort of nurse's care as I took him in Mr. Allen's carriage to the White House. The President gave him a very cordial reception. He is so modest that he says very little, and it is hard to realize the great weight of responsibilities which were upon him during the war, and which he discharged so faithfully and so well, and without an error. When I think of others who, though meaning well, blundered under critical exigencies, and yet have the popular knack, I am reminded of

the difficulty of just discrimination in the popular mind. As I grow older, the more I am impressed with the difficulty of doing exact justice. The naval officers are all deserving. So far, the thing is easy. But the degree of desert in each case is hard to fix, and harder still to make apparent to the world at large.

But to return to the days of the war. The last week of July brought the good word that Spain was ready to give up the struggle.

July 27. — You will read also the blessed news that Spain has suggested peace. This is authentic and comes by authority straight through the French Minister, who represents Spain at this capital, so far as she is represented. The President will meet this in a liberal spirit. The terms of peace will, I have no doubt, be arranged. But how soon no one can tell. There may yet be a long delay of negotiation. Confidentially, the general terms which we shall insist upon will be the independence of Cuba, to which Spain will at once accede. Second: no money indemnity, but in place of it the Island of Porto Rico, which I think she will yield. Third: the more difficult and complicated disposition of our conquest in the Philippines; and I trust that this will simplify itself into the possession of the island of Guajan [Guam] which is one of the Ladrone Islands, with a splendid harbor, and a port on the great Island of Luzon. Will it not

be a great thing if we get out of this without any more bloodshed?

August 1. — Saturday afternoon I dropped into the White House for a few minutes and found that the President had been in consultation with the French Ambassador for two or three hours. Evidently the French Ambassador has pretty full powers and, much to the gratification of us all, seems to be inclined to think most of our terms will be accepted, the one difficult problem being that of the disposition of the Philippines. Even as to that, the prospect is that we shall arrive at an early adjustment. The request of Spain for terms seems to be entirely genuine and we are all feeling more sanguine than at any time before.

Except for the problem of the disposition of the Philippines, the Administration was comfortably enjoying the prospect of an early and satisfactory peace, when a letter from a colonel in the American Army at Santiago drew its attention abruptly back to Cuba. The letter was addressed to General Shafter, who, after receiving it hesitantly, saw fit to give it to a correspondent of the Associated Press.

This document and its sequel, the memorable Round Robin, probably saved many lives and a vast amount of suffering by bringing about the removal of the Army from Cuba, but its ultimate beneficence was not the aspect which most impressed the Administration at that time.

August 7. — It looks as if Roosevelt, in his impetuosity, had raised the devil by getting together a town meeting of officers at Santiago and preparing the most doleful account of the condition of the soldiers there — frightening their relatives and creating anxiety all over the country, giving Spain and the foreign Powers an idea of a set-back to our army on account of the danger of an epidemic, possibly affecting unfavorably the negotiations for peace — and publishing the thing broadcast. It has come near creating a panic, not only there but in the country at large. Santiago having been captured, it must of course be retained and some force is necessary for that purpose. Contrasting with this, comes the refreshing telegram from Sampson, which was published in this morning's papers, speaking of the excellent health of our marines who are on shore there and of the good health of the fleet.

On August 12, 1898, the protocol of a treaty of peace was signed by Spain and the United States. Its terms compelled Spain to relinquish all her West Indian possessions and the Island of Guam in the Pacific. The question of the disposition of the Philippines remained open for a few months. During this period a part of the American people tried to adjust their minds to the expansion of their country into an empire. This conservative element did not find it difficult to agree to the transference of Porto Rico and the smaller West Indies; but the

remoteness and extent of the Philippines made the probable annexation of those islands a matter of grave concern. To one of his Hingham neighbors, who felt rather strongly in the matter, Mr. Long wrote a letter which expressed his views, both upon the question of the moment and upon the future of the United States. It is dated November 1, 1898.

I think perhaps you expect too much of the President. He can hardly make any positive declaration with regard to his policy about the Philippines until something more definite results from the action of the Peace Commission which is now sitting at Paris.

I sometimes wish I had the temperament which leads many people, whenever any question arises, to have absolutely clear convictions on one side or the other. All my instincts and prejudices and leanings are against anything like expansion in any respect. Personally I do not like to expand socially or politically; I really believe I should like to have our country what it was in the first half of this century, provincial, dominated by the New England idea, and merely a natural outgrowth which for two hundred years had been going along in the lines of the Fathers. But I cannot shut my eyes to the march of events — a march which seems to be beyond human control.

When the war broke out, our duty was to strike the hardest blow we could, and so we struck at Manila. There was not a moment after that when

we could abandon Manila, because our military hold there was one of the most strenuous elements which brought Spain to terms. Hardly anybody claims that to-day we should surrender it entirely, or that we should be justified in leaving the interests of humanity there to the Spanish rule from which they have just been relieved. There is a question of responsibility. The question seems to be simply one of degree: that is, to what extent shall we maintain our holding? When you approach that, you meet with infinite difficulty, for the Philippine group is practically an integrity, of which Manila is the heart. This is the condition out of which arise the questions now pending before the Peace Commission.

If I could have my personal preference, I would, as I said a little while ago, be rid of the Philippines and of everything else except our own country. On the other hand, there is a great deal of exaggeration of the responsibilities and risks which we shall incur by an expansion. We have been expanding ever since the nation began. We have met and solved all the problems that have come with this expansion; we shall meet and solve any that may hereafter arise. It would be a reflection upon the Anglo-Saxon character to say that we could not do so. In other words, there is a great deal to be said in favor of either position and against either position, and I again wish I had a mind which saw only one side and was as clear as a bell that that side was entirely right and the other side entirely wrong.

It may seem strange to you if I say that the question is not so vital or important — important and vital as it is — as many people think. Of course we must take our chances of shipwreck some day. No nation ever has been permanent — and no institution. I heard a gentleman say the other day that the annexation of Hawaii was the beginning of the end. I told him he was entirely mistaken; that the beginning of the end occurred over an hundred years ago, when the Declaration of Independence was made. When we get too big and cumbrous and have more conflicting interests than we can reconcile, we shall split. But, until that time comes, the only statesmanship is to do the best that can be done under existing circumstances. You and I don't want the Philippines; but it's no use disguising the fact that an overwhelming majority of the people do, and among them is a vast number of most intelligent men and women, professors of colleges, heads of newspapers, clergymen, *et id genus omne*. Nor is there much question that under American institutions — while there will be political pulling and hauling and fraud and greed and meanness, just as there are all these in the best state in the Union — there will also come the rapidly developing influences of Christian civilization and American enterprise and growth.

X

HINGHAM

"The President told me something very pretty, but as it is perhaps confidential, you must not mention it. He was speaking of the possibility of his reëlection, saying how little he really cared for the honor of a reëlection and how he was looking forward to the happy days when he and Mrs. McKinley can lead a quiet life by themselves, free from all these public pressures. He said that the happiest days he and Mrs. McKinley had spent for a long time were the last three. He has just bought back, in Canton, Ohio, the old homestead where he lived when he was first married, with a view to fitting it up and keeping it open, so that he can retire there to live when his public functions are finished. He says that he and Mrs. McKinley have been planning and arranging how they will make repairs and improvements and fit up their future home, just as if they were newly married and were going there to spend their honeymoon. They have even estimated the cost at $3000, which is all they can afford, and have been settling how they shall spend that sum. . . .

"And why should he care to remain in public life? He has been President — President at one of the great critical epochs in our national history. He

can add little to his fame, for he could hardly expect during another four years another era of such striking events. What comfort is there in looking forward to imprisonment in the White House; to being cooped up day after day in Cabinet chambers and being overrun by the flies and the place-hunters. If I could get out of my place, which is not half as burdensome in that way, without seeming to desert my post, I would do it in a minute. It is funny what sentiment and what nonsense a man drifts into. What I want is, to live half the year on my Buckfield farm and drive to and from the village and make excursions through the county; have a pair of horses and a buckboard and be 'some punkins' in a small Iberian village."

So wrote Secretary Long one July day in 1899; probably truer portraits of McKinley and of himself have never been drawn. The President's dream of returning to village life was never realized; Mr. Long's only in part. In another letter he was more specific and more vivid in describing a phase of Washington life which he found sterile.

There is another horrible dinner to-night. This time at the Vice-President's. Language cannot express the reluctance with which I stretch myself out on the altar of these sacrifices. And they are coming now at the rate of three a week: the same food; same dishes; same waiters, each ejecting the same breath over your right shoulder; the same

courses; the same long hours; the same men and women; exactly the same conversation; and the same everything. Nobody wants to give them. Nobody wants to attend them. And yet everybody falls into the custom.

Receptions were almost as boring, except when relieved by some unexpected incident such as occurred at the White House on New Year's Day in 1900. That function began at eleven in the morning.

The Marine Band was discoursing music in the hall as the Presidential procession moved in the usual solemn and melancholy manner down the staircase into the reception room. Then the Diplomatic Corps, headed by the familiar figure and decorations of Sir Julian [Pauncefote], passed along. Mrs. Admiral Dewey came to me with many pleasant words and asked, as a special favor, that I take her past the reviewing group, as she was obliged to go home early with the Admiral. I asked her to wait until the Diplomatic procession had passed, and while waiting we stood near Secretary Hay, who stood on the right of the President while that part of the procession with which he is in official relation was passing by. After the last diplomat had passed — and by the way, the Korean Minister has adopted the American dress-coat — Secretary Hay told Mrs. Dewey that it was her opportunity; so I took her down the line. You will note the sequel a little later in my letter.

Then came the Senators and Representatives; then the Army, headed by General Miles; and then the Navy, headed by Admiral Dewey; then the other Departments and the great public. . . . At the Hitchcocks', later in the day, I ran across Secretary Hay, who took me aside with a twinkle in his eye — for this is the sequel to which I above referred. He said all the ladies at the White House were in a great state of mind, owing to the fact that Mrs. Dewey had stolen a march and passed down the line before any of them. He said that the wife of the Major-General, Commanding, and other military ladies were quite aggrieved, and that they intimated it was all a shrewd movement of Mrs. Dewey's to get ahead of the Army because General Miles, coming in with the Army officers, had preceded Dewey at the head of the Naval officers. Does n't all this come very pat with your present reading of *Vanity Fair?*

In April 1900, Mr. Long began to be mentioned as a possible candidate for Vice-President on the Republican ticket at the coming election. That matter, of course, would be settled at the Republican Convention to be held at Philadelphia in June. But in the meantime Mr. Long had to decide whether he really desired the nomination. He may have been more eager for it than his letters to various members of his family suggest; surely the tone of these is indifferent enough. When the matter was first talked of he wrote: —

I have told everybody, when asked, that the office was one which I would neither seek nor decline, and that I should be entirely content whether it came to me or not. Generally speaking it would not go to New England, which is strongly Republican, but would more likely be given to some doubtful state where the bestowal of the nomination might help the party. It is pleasant, however, that everybody has a kind word to say; so that I am getting what on graduation day at the colleges is sometimes called "honorable mention," and is given to those good but not entirely successful boys who do not get a diploma.

At the same time there was another prominent man whose mind was now and then concerned with the same question. One day in May he and the Secretary met unexpectedly on the street in Washington.

I had gone but a little way when I heard a voice shouting, "Governor, Governor," and Mr. Roosevelt was running after me, out of breath. He had just returned, and seeing me ran after me. We had a pleasant talk together. He talked with his usual earnestness and rapidity. He seems to think that it is better that he should run for Governor of New York than be a candidate for the Vice-Presidential nomination.

Before the middle of June Mr. Long's mind was made up.

Personally, if I could be made Vice-President tomorrow, I should like it because of the great honor; yet, in view of the campaign which stretches between this and election day, I think, on the whole, I I prefer not to be selected. I have grown more and more reluctant to appear in public. I am not sure of my health. I should not like to undergo the strain of campaigning or traveling or being out nights or the wear and tear of campaign pressure and exaction. Do the best I could, I could not escape much of this. Then, too, there are the incessant calls for money or political influence which I could not meet. At first I did not suppose it were possible that the nominee would be taken from New England. Now that there is a bare possibility of it, I rather wish I were out of it. . . .

As it is, therefore, I look forward not to public or professional life, but to a return to private walk. My dream is that we may all be together — the dear old family circle; that we may look from our home at Hingham on the blue water; or that, at the farmhouse at Buckfield, we may feel ourselves encircled by the hills, and happy in the repose and retirement of that lovely scene.

Whatever uncertainty hung over him was removed on the twenty-first of June.

After conflicting telegrams word comes that Mr. Roosevelt at last consents to be a candidate for Vice-President, whereupon no other name is presented, and he is unanimously chosen.

Thus ended, for Mr. Long, the half attractive vision of presiding over the United States Senate. As he good-humoredly expressed it in a letter to one of his daughters, "The Vice-Presidency was pesky sour grapes anyway." Whatever his sentiments about the grapes may have been, they did not affect his devotion to his Chief and to his party. In the autumn of 1900 he took the stump and did more than his part in the campaign that resulted in the election of McKinley and Roosevelt.

At the time of Queen Victoria's death, in January 1901, appropriate ceremonies in her honor were performed at St. John's church in Washington. The President and the members of his Cabinet attended. Some of the wives of the Cabinet members did likewise. The services were really very solemn and impressive, but Mr. Long's sense of humor could not be suppressed even by the obsequies of the English queen. All went well until the final number was reached. Then occurred a very human episode.

Through the ceremonies we all stood up when there was singing and sat down at other times, but at the close there was a hymn. Nobody rose. I saw Mrs. —— in front of me, fidgeting and looking as if something was going wrong and it was her duty to correct it. She looked first at one side and then at the other, and at last, with great resolution, rose — all this taking place in a moment of time — as if she proposed to carry the whole congregation with her upon its feet and in due order. Nobody followed

suit, and with an evident flushing sense of utter disgust and disappointment, she sat down. But it was plain that she was unhappy. She turned and whispered to the young lady beside her. A moment later she turned around and whispered to Mrs. Hitchcock, who is a very sympathetic creature and sat directly back of her. Then Postmaster-General Smith, who sat next to Mrs. Hitchcock, was brought into conversation. All this time the hymn was going on. As he leaned back, I, sitting next to him, said, "Smith, is Mrs. —— troubled at their not standing up?" "Yes," he says, "she thinks they ought to have done it." I whispered back, "There seem to be two reasons why we should have 'sot': — first, it is more comfortable; second, with Sir Julian [Pauncefote] in the front seat, as the chief mourner on one side, and our 'big Injun' — the President — in the front seat on the other side, were we not safe in following their example and, if they do not rise, in taking it for granted that nobody else is called upon to lead off." Was n't it all mighty funny?

The following summer found Mr. Long spending as usual a fleeting two or three weeks at Buckfield. Six or seven years earlier he had bought the old homestead on South Hill — the farm and one-and-a-half-storied house to which his grandfather had come in 1806 — and had made it his summer residence. The place commanded an exhilarating view of the valley of the Nezinscot almost encom-

passed by the rugged hills of Oxford County. It was a landscape he had loved as a boy, and he returned to it with unfailing eagerness and satisfaction. He took great delight in the rusticity of life at Buckfield — the drive to the village, the casual calls from old friends and acquaintances, and the agricultural development of his surrounding acres. How he loved the ancient well-sweep, the peaceful apple orchard, and the sight of oxen hauling stone across the north field! And how enchanting was the picture of the hills through the open doors of the barn! Much of the land that sloped to the river was covered with a dense growth of cedar. Here Mr. Long wielded axe or hatchet to his heart's content, and afterwards, in the shed that connected the house and the barn, fashioned the poles into rustic chairs and tables. "Crooked sticks, bad joints, mistaken measurements. But it is fun and occupation and exercise, and the thing usually comes out right at last." These varied charms and activities constituted life at Buckfield, so precious and so fugitive.

Buckfield may not have been dearer than Hingham to Mr. Long, but its needs were certainly greater. For a number of years he had cherished the idea of giving his native town a small library-building in memory of his father. No form of memorial could be more appropriate to Zadoc Long, and none more useful to the community in which he had spent his life. In 1901 the project was realized. Mr. Long gave the building, other descendants sup-

plied an adequate and well-chosen library. One August afternoon the Zadoc Long Free Library was dedicated, and presented to the town of Buckfield. "It is an exquisite day," wrote Governor Long, "dedicated more than my pen can write to the memory of my father and mother. A sacred day to me."

Suddenly into the midst of this rural tranquillity came a telegram announcing the shocking assassination of President McKinley. To Mr. Long this was much more than a political tragedy. McKinley and he had been companions in spirit ever since they were in Congress together, and it is probable that the President felt more at home with the Secretary of the Navy than with any other member of his Cabinet. This affectionate regard was mutual. Mr. Long always had a friendly feeling for village people, and the McKinleys were gentle village people of the highest type. In the White House as in Canton they dined at half-past six. Later in the evening Mr. Long not infrequently dropped in for a few minutes' chat. Except on Sunday evenings he usually found Mrs. McKinley knitting slippers, while the President perused the paper. Cards on a table near by suggested that if there were no visitors a game of double solitaire would probably follow the laying aside of the paper. Was he never to enjoy this domestic scene again? Were his relations with his gentle, gracious, deliberate Chief to be only a memory? As soon as word came that McKinley's condition was grave, Mr.

Long hurried to Buffalo and sat at the President's bedside. On the following day McKinley died.

Tragedy now followed tragedy, and the second grief almost engulfed the first. The President died on the fourteenth of September; on the fourth of October Mr. Long's daughter Helen slipped softly out of this world. She was an exquisite spirit. Often she appears in the pages of the journal and always with the same unselfish nature which characterized her from babyhood. No incident, perhaps, is more significant than this which occurred when she was hardly more than a year old.

Yesterday little Margaret was naughty and disobedient, and therefore was not permitted to go to drive, which occasioned her great humiliation, grief, and tears. Her baby sister Helen, who was taken, was unhappy all the way because Margaret had been left behind, and expressed a wish to "go home aden." When she returned, she went straight to Margaret, put up her little hands, put her arms around Margaret's neck, and kissed her.

As she developed into a fine-looking, fair-haired, blue-eyed young woman, it became more and more evident that mentally as well as spiritually she was her father's own daughter. Like him she dreamed dreams, and yet was noticeably keen and intelligent. Happily, too, she inherited to a certain extent his gift of literary expression. And to his great delight she shared his love for certain places — for Hing-

ham, for the beach and rocks at North Scituate, and for Buckfield with its associations of the past. They were great companions, these two,—

> And Fancy light from Fancy caught,
> And Thought leapt out to wed with Thought
> Ere Thought could wed itself with Speech.

There was perfect understanding between them, and at the same time adoration. In his journal and in his letters Mr. Long never hesitated to ridicule pleasantly the members of his family. But only twice did he make fun of Helen — and then so very gently. Once it was on account of her deliberateness which presented such a contrast to his own dispatch. The other occasion merits quotation.

I had a busy afternoon in Boston on Monday. Helen met me at twelve. We dined at the Adams House. . . . She helped me do some shopping at Macullar's, and I helped her at Hollander's, although I noticed that, following the usual feminine and masculine habits, I made purchases and she made none — but she took a good many samples.

Helen had never been strong, but there were times when Mr. Long leaned upon her even as she so often was obliged to lean on him. When he went to Washington to become a member of McKinley's Cabinet he was recovering from a nervous breakdown and he went with the uncertainty and other

discouraging symptoms of one in that physical condition. But Helen was with him, and with her serene sympathy and devotion he soon recovered his accustomed confidence and mental vigor. He was not the only person in the Capital who rejoiced in her presence. Far from it! She liked people, and people of all kinds responded to her genuine interest. She possessed great charm and a rare combination of sparkle and poise. President and Mrs. McKinley were especially fond of "Miss Helen"; but so, too, were the officers and men of the Secretary's yacht, the Dolphin. And many a formal dinner in Washington society was rescued from gloom by the sunshine of her personality. She enjoyed the social life of the Capital — and yet sometimes she and her father in sentimental mood would gaze wistfully at a northbound train and yearn for Hingham and Boston.

After a season or two in Washington it was apparent that Helen was not at all well. Colorado was prescribed, and to Colorado she went, accompanied by other members of the family. There she seemed to gain and lose alternately. Nothing was so good a tonic as her father's occasional visits. In the intervals between these Mr. Long wrote to her almost daily. Many of his letters were written in his own hand, and since he considered them too intimate for dictation, we must consider them too sacred for publication. But a suggestion of the relationship between them is given in one of the dictated letters.

This is a red-letter day because it brings me your fifteen-page letter, which is all love and light and encouragement and good cheer. It is worth everything to know that you had such a sweet dream about your loving papa; besides, the greater part of it was not a dream but a reality; for would n't I meet you at the door, and would n't I put my arm around your neck, and would n't there be a happy tear at seeing my little girl, and seeing her well and strong and happy!

In September 1901 she came home to Hingham — for a short visit, she was told. And then, early in October, Helen — "dear little Helen" her father always called her — died with her hand in his.

To the world's eye there was no change in Mr. Long. But the world could not see behind his genial countenance. Some time after returning to his duties at Washington he described himself in lines which are equally descriptive of him during the remainder of his life.

I find that my demeanor and converse are the same as ever; I am just as merry as ever; I am not conscious of the slightest change in my manner of speech or habit. And yet I am conscious all the time of a sense of indefinite loss; of being broken, if that is not too strong a word.

Years later his feeling was the same, but more easily expressed.

I had it so fully in my dear Helen and I miss it since she went away — the sympathy of interest in the things I do, the cordial, gracious word of cheery helpfulness and encouragement even in my little sentimental associations or doings and in the efforts, when I make them, in the way of public performance. What a rare, gracious spirit Helen was!

The new President, Mr. Roosevelt, asked all the members of McKinley's Cabinet to remain in office for the time being, at any rate, and the wheels of government revolved as before. It was always with a shade of sadness that Mr. Long now went to the Cabinet meetings, but he had only words of commendation for the new executive. Roosevelt might lack his predecessor's consideration of one's feelings and his deliberateness of action, but he displayed remarkable virtues of his own. Mr. Long was first impressed by his determination to select good men for office. "I think," he wrote, "he is doing this with a directness such as never obtained before." His zeal for consultation and full information was also pronounced.

We had rather a merry time at Cabinet yesterday. The President makes us all laugh by his frankness. Some things, of course, always go into the President's message which are furnished by his Cabinet officers, and it is amusing when, having put them in, he asks what they mean, and looks up with a quizzical air. I think there was a general

impression that he would act inadvisedly and without full consultation and deliberation. On the contrary, it is quite remarkable how fully he consults on every subject not only members of his Cabinet, but those members of Congress and persons in civil life who have information upon it and whose opinion should be of value.

How changed the Cabinet meetings were! But — after all — how much more interesting under the new régime! Mr. Long missed McKinley keenly. "He was so quietly cordial, so generously deferential and considerate." But Roosevelt's "interesting phraseology" and "ebullient discourse" were both entertaining and stimulating. "Our Cabinet meetings are as good as a circus," once wrote the Secretary of the Navy, without implying any derogatory criticism.

One by one the members of the Cabinet resigned and made it possible for the new President to surround himself with advisers of his original selection. Mr. Long might have dropped out at the end of the year had it not been for the resuscitation of the Sampson-Schley controversy. At the urgent request of Admiral Schley, whose supporters had always been hostile to the Secretary of the Navy, a Court of Inquiry was created. This was a most ill-advised move on Schley's part, for Mr. Long had given him more than a square deal from start to finish. Whatever came out in the Inquiry would hurt rather than help the Admiral's reputation.

Nevertheless, it would be unwise for the Secretary to resign while the Court was in session and the newspapers full of time-worn charges and countercharges. The wearisome business turned out as Mr. Long had anticipated. On December 22, 1901, he recorded the gist of it in his journal.

The Schley matter has at last culminated in my approval and comments upon the finding of the Court of Inquiry against Admiral Schley. I do not dilate upon the matter here because my scrap-book shows what has been done. The whole matter has been attended with intense bitterness and misrepresentation; but I am conscious that I have acted with entire disinterestedness and nothing else than a sense of public duty. It is gratifying that the finding of the Court fully sustains the view which I expressed in my reply to the Senate of February 6, 1899, Schley faring even worse at the hands of his fellow officers to whom he appealed than he did at mine at that time. His conduct in turning back from Santiago, in the latter part of May 1898, was shameful, and the excuse given for it by him in his dispatch at that time unfounded, and his statements of the situation, especially as to coal, untrue. It was the darkest day both for the President and for me during the war. I ought to have detached and court-martialed him then. If I had done so, all this trouble would have been saved, and my duty done. I cannot, however, blame myself, because at that time I could not say, of course, without hear-

ing more particulars, that he was not justified. Before I got the facts the glorious victory of Santiago had been won, and the President, and indeed I, took for granted that it was not worth while to take the matter up. If Schley had then been content with the advancement given him, and he and his friends had not opposed the corresponding advancement of his Commander-in-Chief, there would have been no trouble.

But the end was not yet. Schley now appealed from the decision of the Court to the President! There seemed to be nothing to take to Roosevelt. Schley had said he wanted the opinion of his fellow officers. When he got it, he did not like it. Now, apparently, he wanted the President's opinion. And he got it. On February 20, 1902, Roosevelt in his clear, epigrammatic English conclusively laid the controversial ghost.

He sustained the Court of Inquiry and practically reëxpressed the opinion which the Secretary of Navy had held since July 1898. It was one of Roosevelt's many courageous acts, and as such Mr. Long appreciated it.

It should be remembered that his views differ from those of nine-tenths of the people at large, who really are misinformed on the subject, and that it is a brave thing for him to come out so flat-footed and emphatic. He has the virtue of courage and also of clear conviction. It is very gratifying to

me that he sustains the position of the Navy Department so thoroughly. From his position he is the only person in the whole country who can present the view which he takes and have it reach the public. I have no doubt it will carry weight and tend towards a better understanding in the public mind of the case.

Mr. Long now felt at liberty to resign his post. May first was the day he set; and on the second of May he was on his way to Boston and Hingham.

The rest of the story is quickly told. In the spring of that year (1902), he was elected President of the Harvard Alumni Association — he, whose undergraduate days had been so lonely and thoroughly unhappy. He was touched by both the humor and the pathos of the honor. The Commencement dinner at which he presided was one of unusual brilliance. It so happened that this was the year when Harvard conferred honorary degrees on Roosevelt and John Hay, and naturally their presence at the banquet helped to make it an event not soon to be forgotten. At the election of Overseers of the College, which occurred on the same day, Governor Long was chosen a member of that venerable Board, which represents graduate opinion in the government of the University. At their September meeting the Overseers elected Mr. Long their president. For twelve years he held this office, displaying therein his genius for putting an end to unnecessary discussion without injury to anyone's

feelings. The same combination of clear thought, tact, and knowledge of parliamentary law, which had won the admiration of both parties in the Legislature in the seventies, now made the Overseers' meetings efficient and enjoyable.

During the summer of 1902 Mr. Long began work upon a series of articles on the history of the American Navy since the Civil War. These appeared serially in the *Outlook* and subsequently were published in two volumes, entitled *The New American Navy*. A work on this subject produced so soon after the war with Spain cannot, of course, be considered definitive for that period; but, since it was written by the man who was at the head of the Navy in 1898, its value is greater than that of most contemporaneous histories. When it is possible to write a scientific historical study of the United States in the closing years of the nineteenth century, the historian who undertakes the task will undoubtedly acknowledge his indebtedness to Mr. Long's book for many sidelights on the naval aspect of the Spanish-American War. In the meantime it will remain the authority in its field. The style is readable, and remarkable for its excellence of English and its clarity of construction. In 1905 Mr. Long printed privately a small collection of his earlier poems, entitled *At the Fireside*. This he dedicated to his daughter Helen, who, he tells us, was "so filially in sympathy with me in the receding memories and associations they recall." The little book contains much that is beautiful, but most

discriminating readers will take more delight in his *After-Dinner and Other Speeches*, which was published ten years earlier. The title is not attractive. It is accurate, to be sure, but misleading. Inevitably it suggests remarks which, though well-sounding on a single occasion, are commonplace and even wearisome when reproduced in cold print. But Governor Long's after-dinner speeches were of a different kind. They were short, scholarly essays, carefully wrought both as to substance and as to expression. They were the product of keen perception, deep reflection, and rhetorical skill. Unlike most speeches they are as good to read as they were to hear. There is no better example of this quality than the lines in which he demonstrates the greatness of Webster as an orator.

I do not know that a sentence or a word of Sumner's repeats itself in our everyday parlance. The exquisite periods of Everett are recalled like the consummate work of some master of music, but no note or refrain sings itself over and over again to our ears. The brilliant eloquence of Choate is like the flash of a bursting rocket, lingering upon the retina, indeed, after it has faded from the wings of night, but as elusive of our grasp as spray-drops that glisten in the sun. The fiery enthusiasm of Andrew did, indeed, burn some of his heartbeats forever into the sentiment of Massachusetts; but Webster made his language the very household words of a nation. They are the library of a people.

They inspired and still inspire patriotism. They taught and still teach loyalty. They are the school-book of the citizen. They are the inwrought and accepted fibre of American politics. If the temple of our Republic shall ever fall, they will "still live" above the ground, like those great foundation-stones in ancient ruins which remain in lonely grandeur, unburied in the dust that over all else springs to turf, and make men wonder from what rare quarry and by what mighty force they came.

After a few months of rest and adjustment to his old environment Mr. Long resumed his practice of the law. He was careful, however, not to let his profession or the many other demands upon his time deprive him of his well-earned enjoyment of his home at Hingham and at Buckfield. His domestic life — which always meant more to him than any other one aspect of living — was very happy. Now and then he even found time for a few hours in his carpenter-shop, which was a never-failing source of delight. Once, after a day of what he called "puttering" in the shop, he wrote reminiscently of his taste for this kind of work.

I have always had a fancy for a plane and saw. When a little chap, I used to bother the village cabinetmaker, teasing him for the use of his tools. I remember one day asking him to let me use a little plane. "Johnny," he said, "you may have that plane for your own if you'll never come into this

shop again and ask me for another tool." I took it on those terms, but whether I permanently observed them I cannot remember.

When Senator Hoar died, in 1904, a large number of people hoped — and, indeed, took for granted — that Governor Bates would appoint Mr. Long to fill the vacancy. While the matter was pending, Mr. Long wrote in a letter to one of his family, "I should like very much to be Senator if the place comes to me, but if not I shall be quite content; for while it brings honor and opportunity for service, it brings innumerable demands and annoyances. I should say that if Governor Crane, who is very strong in the political organization and has a deserved hold on the confidence of the Commonwealth by reason of his good service as Governor, should be a candidate, my chances would be pretty uncertain."

So they turned out to be, — for Mr. Crane became a candidate and received the appointment.

During these busy but comparatively unrushed years, Mr. Long wrote copiously in his journal, sometimes reminiscently, sometimes prophetically, and always reflectively. Among the most interesting pages is that which gives a description of Maine men of a certain type, and a summary of their characteristics. These observations, as acute as they are graphic, were made on a railroad journey from Boston to Buckfield.

At Portland I began to be conscious of the Maine physiognomy and corporeal build. I cannot describe the original Maine men — keen, shrewd, strong faces, sinewy bodies, muscular frames, the voices, the inflection, the vernacular, the look out of the eyes, interrogative and searching but not evasive — all which are as familiar to me as household names. Not all the Maine people are of this sort which I am thinking of; but there is a sort which is very striking and peculiar — decided common sense, practised ability, forceful and persistent drive, wary, cunning, keen, not always deferential — manner sometimes a little uncouth, but sturdy.

As for the men of his own Oxford County, no one knew both their virtues and their failings better than he. And surely no one ever found greater pleasure in their society.

Their talk delights me. They hit the mark so quaintly. Their phrasing is so indigenous. Their shrewdness of observation and remark so keen. Wit, sense, independence.

How rapidly the seasons passed! And how happily! There were spring visits to Washington or to the South. There were June days at Hingham; and August at Buckfield. Then autumn walks and drives through the woods and along the shore of Plymouth County. And underlying all ran a solid

stratum of service to individuals and to communities, to his party and to his state. Every kind of human being sought his advice on every conceivable subject. And when people assembled for any purpose whatsoever — for mere sociability or for the reformation of society — it seemed as if they invariably requested the presence of Governor Long and called upon him for an address. These invitations became a great burden; yet very seldom did his increasing disinclination to speak in public overcome his readiness to help wherever his help was sought. This was especially true in politics. No one had less to gain by taking an active part in the campaigns than Mr. Long. His political career was over, and he knew it. Nevertheless he continued to take the stump for his party in gubernatorial and presidential campaigns, speaking persuasively and forcefully as late as 1912 when he was in his seventy-fifth year.

In August 1915, Mr. Long made his annual visit to the farm at Buckfield. As usual he drove about the countryside enjoying its associations and renewing old acquaintances until one day, toward the end of the month, when he became suddenly and dangerously ill. The wisest course seemed to be to return to Hingham. Fortunately the weather was cool and the journey was accomplished in comparative comfort. Indeed, Mr. Long seemed to improve markedly on the way. On the following day he was up and dressed, able to go through his mail, and to write in his journal. Then came a very bad night —

a day of suspense — and in the evening of August 28 he died.

In the quiet, leafy cemetery in Hingham stands a rugged boulder bearing a bronze tablet. The inscription is simple — merely the name of John Davis Long, a suggestion of his public offices, and a few relevant dates. It is as it should be. But if the days of epitaphs were not gone by, what more appropriate legend could be placed over the grave of Governor Long than these lines which occur in one of his letters: —

> *Cultivate good cheer. Remember Shakespeare's proverb that a merry heart goes all the day, while a sad one tires in a single mile. We think the world is something outside us, and we complain of it as being hard, or dark, or rough; whereas, in fact, the world is as we see it from within ourselves.*

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